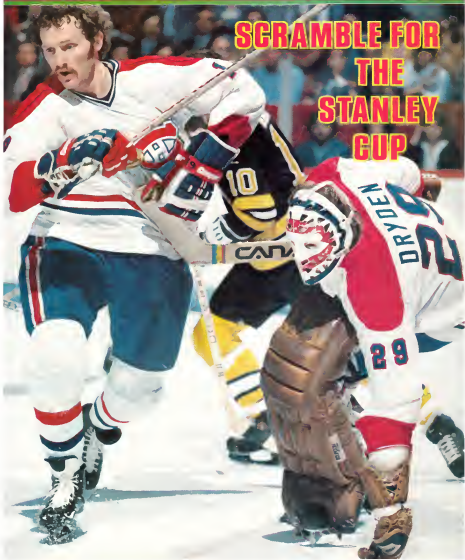


Sports Illustrated

MAY 29, 1978

ONE DOLLAR

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Many try,
but none succeed.
You just can't copy
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Footloose

by JOHN O'NEILL

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A DEER. AND MANIFOLD WAYS TO COOK IT

Every November, a few days before the deer season opened, the hunters in town (all six of them) would gather at Uncle Monty's one-chair barbershop in Warner, Okla., to plan their annual "hog hunt." Monty always went along as the camp cook.

From the winter that I was 12, I was allowed to take part. I peeled potatoes, washed dishes, gathered firewood, and generally ran and fished—and found time to hunt a few squirrels, too. To me it was the greatest event of the year. We would all pile into four pickup trucks and head for the Kiamichi Mountains in the southeast corner of the state, setting up camp in the area we called Jason's Pass, after my grandfather.

During our 1940 hunt we had been camped there two or three days when it started sleeting and snowing. The temperature dropped below freezing, so the men decided we had better get out of the pass quick. Monty grumbled that we would all starve because soon it would be darker than axle grease and far into the night before a campfire could be started to do any cooking.

Monty's old truck, bringing up the rear, had been slipping and sliding along the icy road when the engine finally coughed twice and died. While we were splicing a broken coil wire, I accidentally barbecued my thumb on the exhaust manifold, which was hotter than a two-dollar pistol. My misfortune gave Monty a brilliant idea: He removed our venison roast from a Dutch oven, sliced off some thick chunks and put them, along with a few vegetables, into a small enameled-steel roaster. Then, grinning like a possum, he tied the lid down with fishing wire, and secured the roaster to the sizzling manifold with more fishing wire. Then we drove on.

It was nearly 10 p.m. when our curvans came out of the pass, and the roast came off the manifold. It was tender, juicy and piping hot. Monty went on from there to perfect manifold cooking, making soups and stews, and even breadstuffs, which caused every eat in the county to follow his truck through town.

With all the preppies that take up so much space underneath the hoods of most vehicles today, it would be hard to warm up a Big Mac on the manifold, much less do any cooking on it. Pollution-conscious folk would probably balk at cooking Monty's way anyhow, but I'll never forget how delicious his venison roast was that snowy night on the Kiamichi Mountains 38 years ago. **END**



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NO, THIS ISN'T IT."**

Roger Starbuck, Dallas, Texas

"Carrier's Solararound solar-assisted heat pump system is one of the most advanced and sophisticated around. But this isn't it.

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"As an old graduate engineer (U.S. Naval Academy, '65), I can appreciate the potential of solar heating systems for the future.

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It's open to parent-child teams. And the finals will be played during the U.S. Open. Last year, the Challenge drew more than 100,000 participants from all over America.

During 1978, The Equitable will sponsor this program and a

skiing challenge like it, across the land. Why? Not just because it's good for us when our clients live rich, full lives, but because we believe sports are good for all Americans—for a host of reasons. Sports revive the body. Exhilarate the mind. Bring families closer together. And



a sporting challenge.

sports may even help you live longer.

The tennis players in our pictures happen to be amateurs. But amateur or professional, oldster or youngster, the important thing for all athletes is to meet a challenge and give it everything they've got.

We challenge you to do the same.

So come on, America!

If you've got the spirit to try, we've got a tournament to challenge you. For details, write to our Corporate Communications Department, 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York,

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SCORECARD

Edited by WALTER BINGHAM

OLYMPIC-SIZED HEADACHE

There was good news and bad news last week insofar as Los Angeles and its quest for the 1984 Olympics were concerned. The International Olympic Committee, meeting in Athens with representatives from L.A., including Mayor Tom Bradley, awarded the Games to that city on a provisional basis, the provision being that by July 31 the city would agree on a contract that conforms to IOC rules.

And therein lay the bad news. L.A. officials had flown to Athens hoping that, as the only city offering to host the Games, it could pressure the IOC into letting it wriggle clear of that organization's Rule 4, which states that the host city and its national Olympic committee must bear full financial responsibility for the Games. The IOC said, in effect, nothing doing. You pay the bill.

Chaos followed. L.A. city councilman Robert Ronka returned from Athens calling the IOC a group of "archaic and arcane aristocrats" who had "double-crossed" the city. He thought the chances of the Olympics being held in L.A. were slim, but then Ronka had long been opposed to hosting the Games. But when he got back, Mayor Bradley had another story to tell.

"It is far better to have the option we have than to have none at all," said Bradley. He claimed he had held his ground in Athens, even when it seemed the IOC might take away the Games, and that the impasse had been broken when an IOC member had mentioned that perhaps the city could cover itself against possible financial losses by insurance.

A little pie-in-the-sky there. No insurance company, not even Lloyds of London, would handle that kind of policy. Perhaps Bradley should have realized that, too, but being a shrewd politician, he needed something—anything—to get him out of Athens alive.

So what it comes down to is money, and, sad to say, the financial climate in Los Angeles is such that if the citizens—who on June 6 are expected to approve a

proposition that will roll back property taxes to 1% of assessed valuation from approximately 2%—are led to believe that hosting an Olympics would cost them even a dollar each in increased taxes, they probably would reject the Games. Montreal is supposedly still \$1 billion in the hole after the 1976 Games, but this figure is misleading because that city had to construct, among other facilities, a stadium—cost \$300 million—and an Olympic Village. The Village is now an apartment complex and the stadium brings in revenue as the home of the baseball Expos and football Alouettes.

Mayor Bradley needs to convince eight of the 15 city council members, who will decide whether or not Los Angeles should go through with the project, that the Games will be self-supporting. Unlike Montreal, Los Angeles already has a stadium, the Coliseum, used for the '32 Olympics, and the athletes can be housed in local college dormitories. In fact, all L.A. needs is a swimming pool complex, a rowing course without tidal flow and a velodrome. In 1977, the city estimated that the total cost of hosting the Olympics would be \$183.5 million.

As for income, television and ticket sales are expected to bring in \$184 million. This may be optimistic, but there seems every expectation that the Federal Government will chip in, as it did for Lake Placid—\$56 million worth—when it secured the 1980 Winter Games. "I expect them to give it to us, same as they did for Lake Placid," Bradley said. "I repeat, the city will not accept financial responsibility or liability for the Games. If no provision can be worked out... I will be the first to say, 'Sorry, you will have to take it elsewhere.'"

In the days between now and July 31, we will see how good a politician Tom Bradley is.

THE LAST WORD

The first North American Invitational Scrabble Players Tournament was held last weekend at New York's Summit Ho-

tel, with 64 contestants from the U.S. and Canada playing 18 games apiece over three days for a \$1,500 first prize. Scrabble lovers would like to see the game elevated to the status of chess and bridge, but for those who think there are too many sports already, Scrabble could be the haum that broke the oom's dormum.

DR. B

Blue, an albino Norway rat, has hung up his spikes. Blue burst upon the sporting world last year when students in a class on the principles of conditioning and learning at Georgia Southern College in Statesboro taught the rat to put a marble into a miniature hoop. Not only that, Blue learned how to dunk it.

This year, students taught him to bowl, using the marble, miniature pins and a two-foot lane. His average score was 40, with a top of 60. But now, at the age of



two, Blue has been taken to Savannah by one of the students.

"Blue still plays for pleasure, but not on a regular basis," says Claud Felton, Georgia Southern's sports information director. "But we've left the door open for him. He could come out of retirement for exhibitions."

LOW AFTER A HIGH

Mike Tully of UCLA had his ups and downs last Friday at the Pacific Eight track and field championships, which were held at Oregon State. Tully won the pole vault and went on to clear 18' 8 1/2", one-half inch higher than Dave Roberts' two-year-old world record. And yet be-

continued



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The MGB's handling and performance have what it takes to hold the SCCA Class E Championship for this year, as it has for six of the last seven years. This remarkable agility and stamina come from a suspension system both of competition, a short-throw four-speed stick, quick, precise rack and pinion steering, a stout



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While others are reaching for this technology, Sony brings it within your reach.

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Who else but Sony could manage it? We know turntables backwards and forwards. As far back as 1966, we were breaking ground in that year, we applied a slow-speed, servo-controlled motor to turntables.

Today, we present the PS-X7, X6 and X5. Three fully automatic, direct drive turntables that are a direct challenge to the competition.

And the competition will soon find that we've got the features they don't want to face.

The X-tal Lock. Exact speed accuracy.

A traditional servo system doesn't serve you well enough. It can heat up, creating speed drift.

More critically, increased friction between the stylus and record during loud passages can slow the speed into a range where a conventional servo isn't sensitive enough to read. But your conventional ears can.

Sony's X-tal Lock system cannot be accused of the above. A quartz generator perfectly regulates the servo, locking in speed electronically. It's impervious to temperature, load, or voltage changes.

Our brushless and slot-less is matchless.

Sony's new motor gives brushes the brush. The ring shaped permanent magnet rotor and fixed coil eliminate cogging. The torque is high. The rotation smooth. The start-up, quick.

Sony's Speed Monitoring System. Like millions of tiny State Troopers.

The X-tal Lock system is worth exactly nothing, unless the right information is relayed to it. Our system uses a precise magnetic pulse signal, recorded on the platter's outer rim.



An 8-pole magnetic pick-up head receives it. Then transmits it to the servo electronics.

Most systems use only one pole. By using 8—and averaging them—we get above average accuracy.

Want functional controls? The case is closed!

Our dust cover lives down to its name. It remains closed, protecting record and machine, allowing immediate access to controls without lifting the cover. (On the X7 and X6, the controls are touch sensitive.)

Underneath the cover, you'll find a safety clutch mechanism to protect the tone arm, should it accidentally be grabbed while in motion.

And on the X7 and X6, an optical sensing system—to automatically return the arm at record's end. (In the X7, a carbon fiber tone arm.)

These turntables are even worth more dead, than alive. Because their cabinets are made from an acoustically dead material. They won't vibrate.

Vibration is also out by our thick rubber mat, heavy aluminum platter and viscous filled rubber feet. (The X7's mat is filled with the same damping material.)

Much has been engineered into these turntables that we haven't mentioned, including lightweight tone arms with a cast aluminum alloy headshell.

So tightly built are they that we didn't even have room for bigger prices.

Cartridges are not included.

SONY

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cuse the officials were negligent, approval of the mark is doubtful.

Let Tully, who holds the indoor world record of 18' 5/8", recount his utterly frustrating day. "I went clean, making 17 feet, 17' 8/8" and 18' 1" without a miss," he says. "The next height was the record. They measured it at 18' 8/8". This Tully barely cleared on his first try, then he went screaming around the infield as if he had landed on a hot stove.

"But the NCAA rules say you have to measure again after a record," he says. "For that they had to move the standards so that the bar was directly over the box, and when they did, the bar fell off. They say the wind blew it off. I think they were just clumsy. They put the bar back again, but they hadn't marked which side was to be up, so they couldn't be sure they had put it up exactly the way it was before. There can be a fluctuation of as much as an inch, you know."

The remeasurement was 18' 8"—no record. "Then there was confusion," says Tully. The discussion went on for some 30 minutes, while Tully fretted and stiffened. "They finally said it couldn't count, I'd have to do it over again."

Tully tried for 18' 8/8" twice more, missing narrowly on each occasion. "The emotion was gone," he says. "And they had so many poles and tapes and cherry-picking ladders around the bar it looked like they were getting ready for a hanging.

"Then somebody came out of the stands with an International Amateur Athletic Federation rule book. He told me the rules only required measurement before a record attempt." So the vault seemed to qualify as a world record. "I quit," said Tully, who had a third jump coming to him.

The next day, watching the decathlon pole vaulters struggle to clear 12 feet, Tully learned that his informant had evidently misread the rule concerning remeasurements and that they were in fact required. "If only they'd marked the bar," moaned Tully. "Look at them. Today they're measuring perfectly."

TAKE A CANDER

You may remember the new duck decoy (SCORECARD, March 20) that has feet, the better to fool the real thing flying overhead. Now here is the goose kite, which hunters in blinds can send aloft while marking time. The kite, which comes in both Canada and snow goose models, is

shaped and painted like a goose, and the theory is it can be spotted at a greater distance than can more conventional decoys. All you need is \$25.95, a good wind and a dumb goose.

REPLAY PAY

The NFL is worried about the guy on an oil rig at sea, and others like him. How can they survive on Sunday afternoons in the fall without pro football to watch? The NFL has the solution.

It seems a Dallas Cowboy fan living in Houston complained to Dallas General Manager Tex Schramm that he frequently misses Cowboy telecasts because the Oilers block out Cowboy games when Houston plays at home. He wondered if it would be possible to buy tapes of Dallas games and watch them in his living room.

That started the football rolling. "Because of the growth of home videotape devices," says Schramm, "we—meaning the NFL—are looking into the potential marketing and sale of tapes, either of complete games or highlights. This could be an exciting new dimension for so many Cowboy fans who are scattered all over the world. Several large business firms have already contacted us for permission to tape our games so they can be sent to their employees in foreign countries, and even on oil rigs at sea. We will keep you posted on developments."

That was the sound of a cash register you just heard.

DELAWARE WATERGATE

Sports information directors are supposed to publicize a school's athletic teams, but Gary Andres claims he was fired from Delaware State for doing just that. In a civil suit filed against State's president, Dr. Luna I. Mishoe, and former Athletic Director Jim Williams, Andres said he was dismissed in August of 1976 because he knew of irregularities in the school's athletic department, including the use of ineligible football players during the previous season. Subsequently, warrants were issued for the arrest of former players Jerome Carter and Jerome Culbert. The two are accused of third-degree perjury while giving depositions concerning Andres' case. Neither player has been located so far.

The suit charges that Carter and Culbert, both of whom were academically ineligible in 1975, played under the assumed names of David Griffin and Levi

Baptiste. State's football coach, Ed Wyche, has repeatedly denied that the two did play, yet the Mid-Eastern Conference honored Culbert as its offensive player of the week once that season. Also, both players were included in the final version of Delaware State's 1975 football stats, stats which were omitted from the 1976 preseason guide. According to Michelle Snow, a former secretary in the public-relations office, Coach Wyche told her in August of 1976, as she was preparing the media guide, to alter the statistics.

"He came over and told me to cross this out and cross that out and put this in and that in," Snow said in a deposition. She also claimed that Publicity Director Elizabeth Dix knew about and approved the changes.

A subsequent investigation by the school failed to uncover any evidence that ineligible players were used. Delaware State also filed a report with the NCAA, which conducted its own investigation. The NCAA found no violation worthy of probation.

And yet testimony given under oath by former Assistant Coaches Jimmie Strong and Tom Kinkas indicates that Carter and Culbert did indeed play. And Cecile Coleman, a registered nurse at the school, says the players were treated for injuries.

Athletic Director Williams, who also coached the baseball team, was accused by Andres of using ineligible players in that sport, too, and of falsifying a game report to a newspaper. Seems the school reported a 1976 single-game victory over Shaw University as a doubleheader sweep. And where is Williams? He quit last spring when the Delaware State women's track team was disqualified from the Eastern AIAW championships because Williams had failed to pay the previous year's membership dues.

THEY SAID IT

- Elvin Hayes of the Washington Bullets: "I'd pay to watch me play."
- Bill Lee, Red Sox left-hander, asked why scoundrels are always depicted as flukes: "What do you expect from a northpaw world?"
- Steve Largent, Seattle wide receiver, on the Seahawks' 1978 schedule, which has them playing eight games against playoff teams: "It's such a tough schedule we've already got guys going to the training room for treatment."

END

Merit Taste Boosts Low Tar Acceptance.

**'Enriched Flavor' delivery overcoming
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After years of broken promises, smokers have every right to be disappointed with low tar cigarettes.

Low tar cigarettes that talk "good taste." Talk. But don't deliver.

MERIT with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco is changing the minds of smokers. Chipping away at low tar prejudice.

Why? MERIT delivers.

By packing MERIT with flavor-rich ingredients found in cigarette smoke, researchers were able to deliver taste way out of proportion to tar. Tests proved it.

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MERIT and MERIT 100's were both tested against a number of higher tar brands.

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Overall, these smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as

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Only one cigarette has Enriched Flavor* tobacco.

And you can taste it.



Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's



AIMING TO SET UP AN UPSET

Roaring back from a two-game deficit, the scrappy Boston Bruins whipped the lordly Montreal Canadiens twice and threatened to turn the Stanley Cup series upside down

by MARK MULVOY

When it was all over last Sunday night, Boston's Brad Park sat contemplating his bruises. He also sipped a cold beer, happily considering the surprising possibility that, if things continued to go this well, he might soon be drinking champagne. A few moments earlier, with Park dominating the play from his defense position the way Bobby Orr once did, the Bruins—hockey's Lunch Pail Athletic Club—had beaten the favored Montreal Canadiens 4-3 to tie the Stanley Cup finals at two games apiece. The victory had come on a Bobby Schmautz goal at 6:22 of sudden-death overtime, and now Park and his teammates were flying high in their Boston Garden dressing room. "This is a victory toast," Park said. "I can taste victory. I can smell it. Nobody gave us a chance to beat Montreal in the finals. No one. But now, if we've done nothing else, we have destroyed the myth of the Canadiens' invincibility."

The enthusiasm was understandable. If the Canadiens had not been destroyed, they had been humiliated. After opening the series with 4-1 and 3-2 victories, they had come to Boston poised for a four-game sweep. But last Thursday they had been so embarrassed by Park and the Bruins that Boston goaltender Gary Cheevers never had to make a difficult save in the Bruins' 4-0 victory. Clearly intimidated by Boston's heavy checking in Game 3, Montreal showed up for Game 4 in a vengeful mood. "No way Bos-

continued

Driving in hard, Boston's Brad Park puts Jacques Lemaire into a tailspin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK MILLAN



ton's going to knock us all over the place in this game, too," said one Canadian.

With the score tied at 1-1 in the first period, Montreal Coach Scotty Bowman decided it was time for the Canadiens to flex their muscles. He sent out his Goon Squad Revue—6' 6", 210-pound Gilles Lupien and 6' 2", 208-pound Pierre Bouchard. Boston countered with 5' 8", 170-pound Stan Jonathan and 6-foot, 200-pound John Wensink. Once the puck was dropped, both Bouchard and Jonathan dropped their gloves. Jonathan, a full-blooded Tuscarora Indian from Six Nations, Ontario, beat upon Bouchard's face like a tom-tom in winning the French and Indian War of 1778. He busted open Bouchard's face and the Montreal defenseman crumpled to the ice in a pool of his own blood. Wensink and Lupien chose wrestling over boxing, and Wensink decisively won in two straight falls. Jonathan and Bouchard got five-minute penalties for fighting. Wensink and Lupien were ejected from the game.

Although Boston won that battle, Montreal took the lead in the war 2-1 in the second period. Defenseman Larry

Robinson (see cover) rifled a shot past Cheevers after rookie Pierre Mondou had outskied Boston's Peter McNab on a face-off to Cheevers' right.

Then, midway through the final period, Boston struck again. At 9:19, McNab backhanded a loose puck past Ken Dryden to tie the score at 2-2. And at 12:37 Park made two adroit moves in front of Dryden and slid the puck through three pairs of legs—Serge Savard's, Greg Sheppard's and Dryden's—to put the Bruins ahead 3-2. With Dryden removed for an extra skater, Montreal tied the score, forcing the overtime when Savard batted the puck past Cheevers with 33 seconds to play.

The Canadiens stormed Cheevers early in the overtime, just as they had in Game 2 in Montreal when they beat the Bruins on a Guy Lafleur blast in sudden death—and twice they came close. Then Park—who as a New York Ranger always maintained that he was as good as Orr, but never played that way until this season—intercepted a Montreal pass and rifled the puck to Sheppard at center ice. Sheppard went to his left, almost against the boards, and dropped a soft pass to Schmutz, who was cutting through the middle in the Montreal zone. Schmutz has one of hockey's highest shoes, his best blasts usually ending up in Row 4 of the mezzanine. But this time he hesitated, forcing Robinson to his knees and, using the downed Canadian as a screen, whipped a low shot past Dryden's left leg and into the net.

"I never saw anything," Dryden said.

The series was not supposed to be this tough for Montreal. The Canadiens had expected to dispose of Boston in less time than it takes Roger Doucet to polish off O Canada before games at the Forum. After all, these were Les Canadiens, *Le Rouge, Blanc et Bleu*, the best players General Manager Sam Pollock could assemble with the dozens of high draft choices obtained from needer NHL teams. The Canadiens had lost only 29 of 240 games in the past three seasons. In the last two Stanley Cup playoffs, they had lost just three of 27 games—none in the finals—in sweeping Philadelphia in 1976 and Boston in 1977. And they were chasing their seventh Stanley Cup title in 11 years. If the Canadiens win it, they get the cup for the 21st time, enabling them to tie the New York Yankees for the lead in team championships.

"The people don't expect us to lose,

so we have no choice but to win," Savard said last week. "If we lose this series to Boston, people will be phoning those radio hot-line shows with orders to trade half the team. The pressure from the fans—and our management—never leaves us."

And the pressure was typically on at the Forum when the Canadiens whipped the Bruins 4-1 in Game 1. Lafleur tied the score at 1-1 early in the first period when he golfed the puck out of midair and past Cheevers before the unsuspecting goaltender could blink. Then he set up Montreal's next two goals with artistic passes. He dazzled the Bruins with one breakaway after another, and only Cheevers' spectacular play prevented the Canadiens from doubling their output of goals. "We skated in reverse," said Park, "and the Canadiens were always in overdrive."

This represented a normal night's work for the 26-year-old Lafleur, who this season led the NHL in scoring for the third straight year. The role suits Lafleur and he accepts it. "I am playing more for the people than myself," he says. "The people here expect me to do more and more every day. It never stops. I have friends who bring friends to a game and tell them about the way I play, so I cannot disappoint them. I owe them a show for the money they pay to watch me."

Still, on Tuesday night in Game 2, Lafleur didn't bother to perform until almost midnight. For three periods, Boston Wing Don Marcotte kept him away from the puck—"Marcotte checks me better than anyone else in the league," Lafleur concedes—and they both watched Cheevers frustrate the other Canadiens with brilliant goaltending.

Twice Cheevers stopped 36-goal-scorer Jacques Lemaire from dead in front of the net. Twice he turned back 49-goal-scorer Steve Shutt's best shots. Another time Cheevers so psyched-out Yvan Cournoyer that the Roadrunner never got off his shot. One moment Cournoyer was at the goal mouth with the puck. Seeking a slightly better angle, he started to glide to his right. Cheevers followed him. Cournoyer kept gliding. Cheevers kept following. The goaltender had become a forechecker. Suddenly the exasperated Cournoyer found himself almost against the sideboards—and a Bruin skated by to relieve him of the puck. Several shifts later, Cournoyer cut in against Cheevers on a two-on-one. This time,

They expect me to score says Guy Lafleur





and having scored the winning goal in overtime in Game 2, he was mobbed by his teammates

Courmoyer rifled a shot for the right corner of the net. Cheevers blocked it with his shoulder.

Effectively employing a new defensive strategy that culled for one forward to stay back and help his defencemen, who had been ordered to play conservatively to limit the Canadiens' breakaway opportunities, Boston had much the better of play in regulation, which ended with the teams deadlocked 2-2.

But in sudden death it was all Montreal as the Canadiens swarmed over the Bruins. On one series Cheevers, who had lost his stick, somehow blocked four straight shots with various parts of his body. Another time Courmoyer had not one but two whacks onto what seemed to be an empty net, but Cheevers blocked both shots with his ample belly.

Then, 13 minutes into overtime, Lafleur showed up. Taking a pass from Rob-

inson, he bolted down the right wing—almost along the boards. Subtly—so subtly, in fact, that he later could not recall doing it—Lafleur maneuvered Cheevers into the crease. Normally Cheevers would have moved out to cut down Lafleur's shooting angle, but now he had to worry about a possible pass from Lafleur to Robinson, who was streaking down center ice. In that instant, with the Montreal crowd roaring, Lafleur blasted the puck between Cheevers' left leg and the post—and the Canadiens won 3-2.

"I had a feeling," Lafleur said. "I knew the fans wanted me to score, not just anyone."

Despite the fact that they now trailed the Canadiens two games to none, and had not beaten Montreal in 14 straight games, the Bruins were hardly depressed. "We slowed them down to our speed in that second game and eliminated their

breakaways," said Park. "And we also learned that maybe the Canadiens don't have the great team that everyone thinks they have. When it came to the overtime, they used only three defencemen and just two lines. That tells you something about how good their other 10 players really are."

The skating surface in Boston is at least nine feet shorter—all in the area between the blue lines—and two feet narrower than the rink in Montreal. As Cheevers says, "The Garden seems to be all boards, and we're mainly a boards team, while the Forum seems to be the wide open spaces—just right for a free-skating team like the Canadiens."

In Game 3 Thursday night, the Bruins totally closed down Montreal's skating game by mercilessly harassing Lafleur and his teammates with solid body checks, and when it was over they had a 4-0 victory that was a lot more one-sided than the Canadiens' 4-1 romp in the opening game. Boston took a 1-0 lead in the first minute and led 2-0 before the game was six minutes old. "After that it became pretty obvious that we're not a very good come-from-behind team," said Montreal winger Bob Gansley. "Then again, we haven't had much practice at coming from behind."

The Canadiens attacked Cheevers only 16 times, mostly from such long range that he hardly worked up a sweat. The Bruins, for their part, rapped 36 shots at Dryden. "The Bruins loved the game," he said. "They had the times of their lives. It was sheer enjoyment to them because they could do everything they wanted. I don't recall any game in which we were dominated over 60 minutes. The tide never came close to turning."

Surely it was a fluke, Boston was due. "It was no fluke," Dryden said. "We were really hammered, and when you're hammered it's never a fluke."

Down the hall, Cheevers relaxed in his white terry cloth robe—Royal Ski, the game of a racehorse Cheevers syndicated last season for a reported \$1.3 million, is emblazoned on the back—and sipped a beer. "Well, we've done one thing, nobody thought we'd do," he said. "We put some interest back into the finals."

Indeed they had. And after Sunday night's victory there was more than interest in the air. There was the distinct possibility, as Park put it, that no team is invincible. Even the invincible Canadiens.

END



At the finish, it was Harbor View Farm's Affirmed by a neck, after a memorable and sizzling stride-for-stride duel with Alydar down the stretch at Pimlico.

A FIRM BID FOR THE TRIPLE CROWN

Kentucky Derby winner Affirmed got the challenge he expected from Alydar in the Preakness, but he was more than up to it. Now only the Belmont is left in his quest for U.S. racing's greatest—and its most elusive—prize **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

The sun was warm and powerful, hinting of the longer days to come, tranquil days with mellow moments like those early last Saturday afternoon on the backstretch at Pimlico.

Laz Barrera sat on a metal folding chair in the stakes barn, just a few feet from the horse that a few hours later would go out and win one of the most memorable of all Preaknesses. At this moment, though, Affirmed was dozing. "See, he like an old man, nodding off," the trainer said as the horse's eyes closed momentarily and his head drooped.

Several yards away things weren't quite as tranquil. "See down at the other end of the barn, Alydar is being walked around and around," Barrera said. "He's nervous and been walking for 45 minutes or more. Affirmed no walk, he does a doze. Me, I cannot doze. I like to sit here and talk to people who stop by. The

days of big races are long ones. You come to the barn at six in the morning and if you win, you don't leave until nine o'clock at night. But you sit here long enough, you might learn something."

By 6 p.m. Barrera, along with millions of others, had learned a little more about this gutty colt named Affirmed. The Preakness of 1978 was a brilliant horse race, one that even surpassed its build-up. With more than a quarter of a mile remaining, Alydar ranged up on the outside, challenging Affirmed with a rush that seemed sure to carry the Calumet colt into the lead. But Affirmed dug in and fought for every inch of ground. Just as he had in the Kentucky Derby two weeks before, Affirmed was getting a superior ride from Steve Cauthen. But Alydar, who had fallen far behind in the Derby while apparently having trouble handling the track, this time was getting

good traction when he made his move. The crowd of 81,261, largest ever to watch a sporting event in Maryland, whooped and screamed as the two horses pounded through the stretch. Alydar had lost considerable ground swinging wide to launch his drive, and though he drew to within a head of Affirmed, Alydar couldn't overtake him. In their eight meetings, the two have run more than seven miles against each other and the total distance separating them at the wire is less than three lengths. But Affirmed has won six times, and that surely indicates Affirmed has Alydar's number.

Affirmed, who has won 12 of his 14 races and finished second twice, is raking in money as no horse ever has. By winning the Preakness, he became the youngest equine millionaire (\$1,023,227) and he has now won 11 stakes races. If the Harbor View Farm colt, owned by Louis

and Patrice Wolfson of Miami Beach, wins the Belmont, he will become the 11th Triple Crown winner and the second in two years. There have never been back-to-back Triple Crown winners.

Throughout the week leading up to the Preakness, it was assumed that it would be a virtual match race between Affirmed and Alydar, with Believe It given an outside chance should the big two knock each other out in a speed duel. Trainer John Veitch had put a sizzling six-furlong workout (1:10½) into Alydar five days before the Preakness, and Believe It had turned in an excellent three-furlong tune-up (34½) on Thursday. Affirmed didn't have a hard workout over the Pimlico track.

"Affirmed doesn't need too much work," Barrera said one morning at his barn. "He only needs to get the feel of the track. He handles all kinds of tracks anyway. Hollywood Park, Churchill Downs, Santa Anita, Saratoga, Belmont Park. Let me say this, I don't know how good Affirmed really is. He's a special horse and a smart one. He's tough and strong and agile. On the day of the Preakness I'll be all nervous and he'll take a nap to get himself ready."

Barrera was right. He was much more nervous than his horse, and part of the reason was jockey Steve Cauthen. "I'm mad at Steve," he said early Saturday afternoon. "He hasn't even called me yet. I wanted him out in the barn this morning so we could discuss how the race might be run. He should have come here last night. Instead, he came today. When you go out in the paddock to saddle the horse for the race there isn't enough time to talk."

Steve Cauthen wasn't at the stakes barn, but fortunately for Barrera, 12-year-old Gino Alongi, an aspiring jockey, was there to help pass the time. Alongi was dressed in a purple T-shirt with the number "1" on its back, green pants, sneakers and a green-and-white golf cap—Norman Rockwell would have loved it—turned backward.

Gino asked Barrera about people who bet large amounts of money at the racetrack. "Some men have good luck," Laz said, "others bad. Bad luck men seem never to get rid of it. I once hear a story about a man named John Smith and he has very bad luck. Even if he bet a horse to show, the horse finish fourth. His friends no want to go to the races with him because he is such bad luck. Then

John Smith isn't seen at the racetrack for several days, and his friends get worried. They go around to the hotel he is staying at and John Smith is not around and nobody know where he is. The friends look all over and then go down to the mortuary and say, 'Maybe you got a man here named John Smith. He's very unlucky. He could be here.' They open the top drawer in the mortuary and see a body, but is not John Smith in the drawer. Number two drawer is not John Smith, either. Nor in three. They pull open drawer four and find John Smith lying there. One of his friends look at the body and say, 'John Smith, even here you finish out of the money.'"

While Barrera was back in his barn, the stands and infield at Pimlico were packed and there were long lines at the advance betting windows. Two early arrivals plunked down \$60,000 on Affirmed to win.

When Barrera heard of the advance betting, he whistled. "That's crazy," he said. "Anything can happen. Once in Mexico City there was a three-horse entry and the horses figured to finish 1-2-3. People placed big bets on the entry because you got all three horses running for you for the same price. The gate opens up and two horses in the entry slum together and fall down and the third horse stumbles over the two on the ground."

The start of the Preakness wasn't nearly as eventful. Track Reward, a horse entering his third race in 17 days, came out of the gate quickest, but Alydar broke very well and so did Affirmed. At the first turn, Cauthen noticed Track Reward drifting out a little and sent Affirmed into the lead. Even though the track was fast, Cauthen eased Affirmed through the first three-quarters of a mile in 1:11½, the slowest first six-furlong time in the Preakness in six years.

Alydar made his run around the last turn, moving up with a tremendous drive on the outside to come extremely close to Affirmed approaching the top of the stretch. "I think I got to within a head of him," jockey Jorge Velazquez said later, "but no closer. Affirmed just wouldn't be passed."

All the way to the wire the two wonderful 3-year-olds battled, never more than half a length apart—but with Affirmed always ahead. The winner's time for the 1½ miles was 1:54½, which equaled that of the last two Triple Crown winners, Secretariat and Seattle Slew, but

was short of Cañonero II's track record time of 1:54 set in 1971. Cauthen also had enough horse left to finish the last ¼ of a mile in 18½ seconds. Only Little Current (1974) ever ran that quickly at the end of a Preakness.

It had been a stunning, dramatic ending, one as crushing for Veitch as it was invigorating for Barrera. An hour and a half after the race, Veitch was seated on the wooden fence outside the stakes barn. "Do I think that Affirmed has broken Alydar's heart because he has beaten him six out of the eight times the two have met?" he said in answer to a question. "No. Not with a horse like Alydar. He's just too good. This Preakness was an exceptional race, and Alydar got beaten only by a neck. In racing, necks have a way of changing around from one week to the next, and three weeks from now in the Belmont Alydar could have his neck in front. There isn't a thing in the world for Alydar to be ashamed of."

Woody Stephens, the trainer of Believe It, who came in third, summed up his feeling about running against Affirmed and Alydar. "I tried them in the Derby and Preakness," he said, "and that's enough for me. I'm going to wherever they ain't. In the Derby, Believe It was beaten by less than three lengths; in the Preakness, it was nearly eight. So long, Affirmed. Bye-bye Alydar."

And maybe for everyone but Affirmed and Alydar, bye-bye Belmont. **END**



It was no laughter, but Cauthen was all smiles.

THESE GIANTS ARE JOLLY BLUE

It has been vent, vidl, vici for Vida in San Francisco's stunning ascent in the National West by LARRY KEITH

The troubled San Francisco Giants seemed to be headed toward a number of destinations in recent years—Toronto, Washington, Oakland, debtors' prison—but first place in the top-heavy National League West was never one of them. Yet that is exactly where the Giants were last week, thrilling their fans, confounding their opponents and amazing themselves. A sign of the new times hung from a railing near the rightfield foul line at Candlestick Park: WE'RE #1 EAT YOUR HEART OUT WORLD!

In a division long dominated by Cincinnati and Los Angeles, even #2¹ would have been cause for celebration. Fourth a year ago, the Giants have not had a winning record in five seasons, a million-plus gate in seven or a pennant in 16. Nob Hill had become Sob Hill. But league-leading pitching and timely hitting are starting to change all that, and Candlestick Park, once a cold, lonely outpost, is suddenly red hot with excitement. The Giants increased their winning streak to eight and 14 of 16 last week with two victories at home against Chicago and one more in Los Angeles, where 153,113 L.A. fans suddenly found themselves watching the sort of Giant-Dodger imbroglio not seen since 1971. Meanwhile, attendance back in San Francisco was up 68% from a year ago, and expectations have soared even higher than that.

An important reason for this turnaround is Vida Blue, the sassy newcomer who is 6-1 with a 2.90 ERA, since crossing the Bay Bridge from Oakland. "I want to take the Giants to the playoffs," he said after beating Chicago



Blue has been a regular winner and a regular guy, too, who cheerleads and mops up in the dugout

last Wednesday. "We can do it. It will be hard, but we can do it." After all, as Blue himself points out, the A's did not start winning championships until he became a member of the rotation in 1971. Now he hopes he can do the same for the Giants.

Blue's new team is hoping so, too. "If leading this early meant anything, I'd already have three pennant rings," says second baseman Bill Madlock, a former Cub. "I'm just hoping we can stay around first long enough for the pitching to take us over. We can't hit with the best, but we can pitch with anybody."

Madlock has a point. The lowest batting average ever recorded by a National League pennant winner was New York's .242 in 1969. Even with a recent flurry, the Giants were only up to .247, seventh in the league, at week's end. Only two regulars were batting better than .300, including Madlock, a .328 career hitter. Mike Ivie had a .357 average but

he has only played part time. But while the Giants have not been hitting a lot, they have been hitting when it counts, having won nine of their last 10 one-run games.

Right now the lack of consistent batting support is something the pitchers can joke about. Says John Montefusco, "We have the kind of hitters who are capable of scoring one or two runs in any game we play." Of course, Montefusco said that before San Francisco's 10-7 win over the Dodgers Friday. It was the Giants' biggest scoring outburst of the year, but the Count was counted out after 7½ innings. He got the win anyway.

When Blue and another hard-throwing leftlander, Bob Knepper, are pitching, one or two runs are most often enough. Since being bombed by Cincinnati in his first start, Blue has had a 2.37 ERA, and Knepper, who is 5-2, has surrendered as many as three runs in only four of his nine starts.

To be sure, Blue was expected to pitch well, which is why the Giants scraped together \$400,000 and seven players to get him. He won 124 games during his eight seasons in the American League and had a 2.94 ERA, but his last years with deteriorating Oakland were enough to make Vida really blue. "If I had a dollar for every hour of sleep I lost from dealing with Charlie Finley, I would own my own team," he says. "I'm not just happier now, I'm happiest. I'm enjoying baseball again."

And the Giants are enjoying him. Not only has he won but he has also proven himself to be a regular guy, working hard, leading cheers, boosting morale and, during a rainy game in Chicago, towel-drying the fans and batting helmets. The closest thing to a complaint comes from Catcher Marc Hill. He is amazed that even with the thick mitt his calloused left hand can feel the sting of the Blue blazer.

By obtaining Blue, the Giants accomplished what many other clubs had tried and failed to do. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn shot down two of the proposed deals involving Blue because he thought the amounts of money involved were too high: the Yankees' \$1.5 million offer in June 1976 and the Reds' bid of \$1.25 million plus minor leaguer Dave Revering last December. "Did you ever see one of those old cash registers where the dollar sign pops up?" says Blue. "Well, that's what my eyes looked like when I heard how much teams were offering for me."

An unexpected benefit of the Blue acquisition has been its effect on Knepper, 24, who six-in the Cubs last week 4-3. Knepper was struggling when the Giants brought him up from Phoenix last year to replace the injured Montefusco, but he found the majors more to his liking as he had an 11-9 record. Sudden success, however, brought sudden responsibility he did not particularly want. "People started telling me I was supposed to be the team's ace left-hander," says Knepper. "Instead of asking me only to do my best they were putting pressure on me. But with Vida here, I can concentrate on learning how to pitch without worrying about being the star."

Now that Montefusco has recovered from last season's ankle injury and with Ed Halicki back in the rotation after missing the first five weeks with a muscle pull, Knepper should have plenty of help. This wealth of starters has made a reliever of Jim Barr, even though he has two of the staff's three shutouts. As it is, the Giant bullpen, led by Gary Lavelle, has been called on to make only eight saves.

Good pitching is not the only reason the Giants vaulted to first place. The rest of the team is doing the little things needed to win even while ranking seventh in the most important statistical category—runs. Rightfielder Jack Clark scored what proved to be the winning run in a game against San Diego by racing home from second base after a fly ball to center. Last week Ivie, who is built like a budding Boog Powell, set up another one-run victory when he unexpectedly stole second base. It was only the 14th theft of his six-year major league career. He then scored on a bloop double to center. Another contribution has been the defensive work of Shortstop Johnnie LeMaster. A woe-of hitter with a weak swing and a .202 average, he has saved one-run wins against the Pirates and Cardinals with backhand stabs in the ninth inning.

And then there's the timely hitting. Willie McCovey is among the league RBI leaders with 26 even though he has only

21 hits and a .196 average. The outfield of Terry Whitfield, 25, Larry Herndon, 24, and Clark, 22, has provided the most consistent offense, with batting averages of .298, .277 and .308, respectively. With his speed, power and strong arm, Clark is considered the most promising. A .300 hitter in the minors, he batted only .252 during 1977, his rookie season, but last week he was in the midst of a confidence-boosting 12-game hitting streak. "There's no stopping me now," he said.

There seems to be no stopping Ivie either, if only he gets enough opportunities to play. But first base is his best position, and McCovey is an institution not easily displaced. Even Manager Joe Altobelli admits it is a "lucky situation." So while McCovey recuperated from an injury last week, Ivie went on a .400 tear. "I'm going to get all I can while I have the chance," he said.

That pretty much sums up the feelings of all the Giants. "The Dodgers and Reds have the prestige of the past, but this is today," says Whitfield. "We're young, they're getting old." Adds Montefusco, "I used to have to lie a little to get the fans to come out. Now I really believe we are good. I finally feel like I'm in the big leagues."

Considering the doings in Oakland the last couple of seasons, Blue must feel that way, too.

END



After a .252 rookie season, Outfielder Jack Clark has been hitting and making break scoring dashes

SHOWING EARLY SPEED AT INDIANAPOLIS

Until this year no one had ever averaged 200 mph in qualifying for the Indy 500. Now all three cars on the front row have—plus A. J. Foyt **by SAM MOSES**

Last week, when the rains that had wiped out the first weekend of qualifying for the Indianapolis 500 had finally stopped, Roger Penske found himself dealing with the kinds of problems that could confront only a Roger Penske—or maybe a Harold Robbins character. Penske's star driver, Mario Andretti, who had turned the fastest lap (203.482 mph) in Speedway history during practice, was in Belgium for a Formula 1 race and, it appeared, would be there through the weekend. Penske had come up with 36-year-old Mike Hiss as a stand-in driver to attempt to qualify Andretti's Penske-Cosworth V-8, but Hiss hadn't raced at Indianapolis since 1975. Then there was Penske's newest driver, Rick Mears, who, if not exactly a problem, was definitely an unknown. Despite his ap-

parent poise and 200-mph practice laps, Mears was a rookie at the Speedway with more experience in manhandling Volkswagen-engined buggies in off-road races than in the precise art of steering the twitchy Indy cars. And finally there was Penske's USAC champion, Tom Sneva, who had been the fastest qualifier last year and had finished second to A. J. Foyt in the 500 but had yet to turn a 200-mph lap at the Speedway this year. The former junior high school principal was either sleeping or hiding a sandbag under his bucket seat.

But Penske has taken part in many an executive management seminar, and by Saturday evening he had everything under control. Andretti had won the pole—for the Belgian Grand Prix—and Hiss, obeying instructions to cool it, had got-

ten Andretti's car into the 500 with a neat but uneventful four-lap run at an average speed of 194.647 mph. Despite the fact that Hiss' time was the 10th fastest, Andretti will have to start Sunday's 500 last in the 33-car field because he didn't qualify the car himself. Rules are rules. Hiss' job finished and done well, he faded back into obscurity, hoping his solid performance in a pinch would remind other car owners that he is still around.

Earlier in the day, Mears had ticked off four consistent qualifying laps for an average of 200.078 mph and the third starting spot, to become the first rookie to be on the front row in 21 years. Stepping out of the car as poised as he was when he got in, Mears smiled a handsome, clean-cut smile, kissed his pretty, wholesome wife, said all the right things ("With a super car like the Cam2 Motor Oil Special we made it this year, the crew gave me good help . . .") and sent people away saying Roger Penske sure does know how to pick 'em.

Doesn't he just. Earlier in the month, when asked why he wasn't going any faster, Sneva had been answering questions with a smile that suggested he wasn't the least bit worried. Now, responding to



Sneva was sliding, not sandbagging, on Saturday.

Foyt fouled up, but he made a fast comeback.



Sneva is on the pole for the second straight

urgings from Penske to throw out the sandbag, he stole the pole for the second straight year, raising his officially timed one-lap record from 200.535 to 203.620 mph and his four-lap record from 198.884 to 202.156 mph. The run was not uneventful. "I don't know if I touched the wall or not," Sneya said. "I didn't look like the smooth veteran I am out there, I'm surprised I was able to get away with it, sliding as much as I was."

The favorites for the pole had been Foyt and Danny Ongais, but Ongais' attempt fell a watch tick short and Foyt's never really materialized. Ongais' troubles began Tuesday, when he wiped out his backup Parnelli-Cosworth, spinning into the wall coming out of Turn Four and sliding backward for 460 feet. Then on Friday, just 15 minutes before the end of practice, he coasted past the pits with a blown engine, one lap after he had cut a 202.931, the second fastest of the 11 laps over 200 mph recorded at the Speedway this year. That lowered the spirits of his team, for it meant that Lloyd Ruby, the popular, likable veteran who had purchased a Parnelli from Ongais' Inter-scope team, would have to sit this one out. Because Ongais had used up two en-

gines in three days, there was no power plant left for Ruby, who would thus miss his first Indy in 18 years.

Ongais' qualifying attempt had come shortly after Sneya's, and when Sneya's record speed was announced on the P.A., Ongais was understandably dismayed. Nevertheless his run of 200.122 put him in the center of the first row, flanked by Sneya and Meats in their red, white and blue Penske-Cosworths, exceptional new cars designed by Geoff Ferris of England.

Ongais, who has won two of the four USAC races held thus far this season, didn't have much to say after his four laps, but then he rarely does. The story goes that last fall, before he drove in the Canadian and Watkins Glen Grands Prix, he traveled from Los Angeles to England to be fitted for his Formula 1 car. Arriving at the shop, Ongais stood around for a while—none of the mechanics recognized him—until the team manager finally noticed the American and led him to the car to be seated. "How do your arms fit?" Ongais was asked. "Good," he replied. "How do your legs fit?" he was asked next. "Fine," replied Ongais. Whereupon the 36-year-old former drag racer climbed out of the car,

drove 100 miles back to London and flew home to Los Angeles.

Foyt wasn't talking much after his run, either. He had hit 203.666 in a Saturday morning warm-up session, and rumors of a 208-mph lap late Friday afternoon floated around Gasoline Alley like exhaust fumes—and with about as much substance. On his official attempt, Foyt pulled into the pits without completing the first lap, complaining that the USAC-fitted pop-off valve, a device used to limit turbocharger boost during qualifying, was popping off improperly, or something. The same contention had resulted in A.J. getting two qualifying attempts last year. USAC technicians removed the valve and scurried off to their testing instruments while Foyt fumed and refused to talk to anybody. After about an hour, USAC announced the valve was fine and that Foyt's aborted attempt would count as his official shot at the pole.

A.J. then took another look at his Coyote-Foyt and discovered the faulty component was his own. "The wastegate was set at 19½ pounds cracking pressure, and it should have been set at 25," he said, which boils down to the fact that he wasn't getting the proper turbocharger

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENZ KLETTMEIER



year, Meats in the front row for his first 500.

Ongais splits the Penske teammates in Row 1



Penske (left) reserved a starting spot for Andretti.

boost. "There was nothing wrong with the valve. I guess it was my screw-up. That's nothing new."

On Sunday Foyt duplicated Ongais' qualifying speed, which would have put him on the front row except that his run came on the second day of qualifying. That one-day delay means the only four-time Indy winner will start 21st, in row seven, behind the 20 cars that had qualified Saturday.

Johnny Rutherford, a two-time winner and fourth fastest in his McLaren-Cosworth at 197.098, had been the first driver to make a qualifying attempt. Although his speed was disappointing to him, it held up throughout Saturday and put him ahead of the Lola/Chaparral-Cosworth of Al Unser at 196.474 mph and Gordon Johncock at 195.883 mph in his Wildcat-SGD, the only four-cylinder car in the first two rows.

Foyt's Coyote and Rutherford's McLaren are new, but more the result of evolution and refinement than of design, the changes virtually indistinguishable to anyone but a mechanic. Al Unser's Lola/Chaparral, on the other hand, is more obviously a new design. Last year Unser had driven for Parnelli Jones, and was, for all practical purposes, No. 1 man on a two-man team, No. 2 being Ongais, then a rookie. But at the end of the 1977 season, Al left Jones—after eight years—and was taken on by Jim Hall. Hall had hired some of Jones' other top men away as well, including chief mechanic Huey Absalom. It is testimony to Hall's reputation, which is much like Penske's, that he could persuade talent from a proved racing team to jump to an unproved one. In the '60s Hall drove his own Chaparral cars in road races, often to victory, until a serious accident ended his driving career. Those cars were always innovative and almost always successful, sometimes sensationally so. Hall is given credit for introducing to motor racing the wing, the automatic transmission and the "sucker," a car with a vacuum chamber in the rear that literally held the boxy-looking vehicle to the pavement, affording astounding cornering speeds.

In recent years, Hall joined up with

Chicago businessman Carl Haas, importer of the English-made Lola chassis, and with seeming ease, they dominated every road-racing series they entered. But now Hall is taking on Indianapolis, and the season so far has been more frustrating than he has been accustomed to. However, the indications are that he is getting there. During tire testing at Indy this spring, Unser had hit 202.2 mph. Unfortunately, a crash at a race in Texas had destroyed the first Chaparral Indy car, so it was almost all the way back to square one. Fifth-fastest was where Hall and Al Unser worked themselves back up to.

Another driver who had come back after a crash was Pancho Carter. Carter

had driven for Dan Gurney last year, but it had been a miserable season for both of them. Gurney had created a radical new Eagle, a car in which he had more faith than Carter did, which was a problem. The car never did much, and for a while the possibility existed that Gurney might not be able to finance a USAC team in 1978. But he found sponsorship from ARCO, and further financial backing from Teddy Yip, an Asian businessman.

After the 1977 season Carter and Gurney broke up, and Gurney hired Bobby Unser, who had won Indy for him in 1975 but had been experiencing lean times himself. Their shared hope was

to recapture what they once had. But it hasn't come yet. Gurney shelved last year's Eagle and began building a brand new car, in the meantime buying a Lightning-Cosworth for Unser to race. But it is extremely difficult for a team to develop a new car while it is racing another; time is the problem, and Gurney has been behind schedule from day one. For example, while Penske had begun testing his design last fall and Hall his early in the winter, the Eagle existed only on a drawing board until spring. Still, the Eagle made its debut at Indianapolis, when the team found itself struggling to get the Lightning prepared.

Unser got it to 199.9 mph on Wednesday, but the crew, still unfamiliar with the car, overfiddled in the search for more speed, and, as the car sat in the qualifying line Saturday, Gurney paced around it, thinking hard, studying his creation with a perplexed expression. "What this is a desperation attempt, which you are not supposed to have to make," he said, meaning one does not race a car at Indy with so little testing time. Nevertheless, Unser took the new Eagle out and his 194.658 mph, ninth fastest, but, because of the complicated qualifying rules, he will start in 20th position this Sunday.

Unser had been the last driver to qualify Saturday, seconds before a sudden rain closed the track, leaving in line the cars of Foyt, back for his second attempt, and ... Andretti.

The presence of Andretti's backup
continued



Andretti's understudy was Mike Hiss, who played his role just right

had his accident in December while he was testing at Phoenix Raceway. A universal joint had snapped and had thrown his Lightning-Cosworth into a guardrail, all but breaking the car—and its driver—in half. Carter was carried away in critical condition with a broken arm, broken tailbone and a pelvis fractured in four places. Put in traction, he was told his racing days were likely over, and his walking days would never be quite the same. But he gritted his teeth, did his exercises and one remarkable day last month won two sprint-car races in his first comeback appearance. Carter's Indy car was built with a special gas pedal to allow for the limited movement of his right foot, and a removable steering wheel because he has trouble getting out of the car. On Saturday the car failed to start, but Pancho qualified Sunday, at a speed of 196.829.

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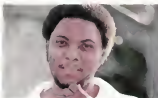
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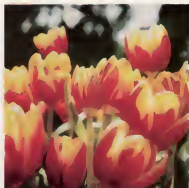
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car rekindled the speculation that had been flaming the day before. Would he, could he, somehow take advantage of the six-hour time difference and make it back from Belgium and win two pole positions in one day? The Penske team had explored every realistic possibility, and others had explored some less realistic possibilities for them. Would USAC allow Andretti a special day to qualify? Sorry, no exceptions. Are there any commercial flights that could get him to Indianapolis in time? No way. Would the U.S. Air Force give Andretti a lift across the ocean in an F-15? Negative. How about chartering a Concorde?

A Penske man was dispatched to check into that, and it was an educational experience. He now knows all about EPA and FAA regulations, such as municipal noise restrictions and the requirements pertaining to the thickness of landing strips at airports. There was even a telephone conversation that went something like this:

Penske man: "Hello, Air France? I'd like to, uh, charter a Concorde from Paris to Indianapolis. Could you give me an idea of your rates?"

"First class or no frills?" (Dryly)

"I don't think it really matters. We're interested in speed rather than comfort. Besides it would be only for one passenger."

"Prices start at 165."

"165?"

"Thousand."

"I beg your pardon?"

"\$165,000."

"That's what I thought you said. Listen, could we make a deal? I mean, Roger Penske—you've heard of him, everyone has heard of Roger Penske—is more than willing to maybe paint the name of your corporation on the car or something, and maybe even get a suite on Turn Two for some of your executives, and... oh, never mind."

So, it was more or less left at that: Andretti went on to win the Belgian Grand Prix on Sunday and regain the lead for the world driving championship while some of his Indy fans hoped to see their man walk nonchalantly down pit row, climb into the Penske and hit 205 mph or something. The impossible is regularly expected of men like Andretti and Penske. Only because they seem to deliver it so often.

END

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PART 2 KENYA GAME

The plain was strewn with dead zebras. Last night's thunderstorm had flooded the flatlands hoof-deep, and lightning did the rest. More than two dozen carcasses dotted the grasslands. Already, only an hour after dawn, the vultures were at work. Black-backed jackals

A great gusher of milk and blood poured down, inundating the countryside, and the umbilicus drew back up into the sky. Indeed, the whole sky rose higher than it had ever been before. From now on, men would have to fend for themselves. But the man who had cut

NORTH TO NAIBOR KEJU

Continuing his gunless safari, the author encounters a 12-year-old poacher, visits with Joy Adamson and is nearly trampled by a herd of elephants
by ROBERT F. JONES

stood their ground defiantly as the Toyota safari wagon rolled to a halt.

"The rifle of God," Bill Winter said. "Sifaha ya mungu. The government can keep us from hunting all right, but it can't deny God His sport."

Winter and I were traveling through Kenya, assessing the state of the game animals. Winter, who is 46, had been a professional hunter until last May when President Jomo Kenyatta outlawed his calling in an attempt to help preserve Kenya's wildlife. Ten months later, to curtail the widespread slaughter of game by poachers, Kenyatta had had to prohibit the sale of wildlife trophies and curios.

Ahead of us, at the edge of the plain, Naibor Keju soared up from the border of the Lorogi Forest, a stately curve of granite that glowed in the early light. Naibor Keju means "White Legs" in Samburu, but there was nothing remotely white or leggy about it. The most obvious landmark in the region, Naibor Keju is prominent in Samburu mythology. Nearby stands a more famous landmark, a smaller outcropping known as the Rope of God. Ages ago, the Samburu say, this was a giant umbilical cord connected to Heaven. Down it poured milk and blood—food for the people—from God's herds. One day a man whose cattle had been killed by lions climbed up and asked God for some cows to replenish his stock. God refused, and in a rage the man severed the rope with his short sword. That was the Fall from Grace, Samburu-style.

the Rope of God was forbidden to keep cattle. Henceforth, God decreed, the only creatures he could herd would be bees. That, according to the legend, was how the bee-hunting Wandorobo bands split off from the cattle-herding Samburu.

Despite heavy poaching, the wildlife of southern Kenya was still in excellent condition, except for rhinoceroses and elephants, whose horns and tusks are valuable enough in the outside world to warrant the risk of arrest. Having seen this, we had come to Naibor Keju in the hope of gauging the situation to the north. Northern Kenya has traditionally been the scene of raiding and poaching by its neighbor Somalia. Bands of Somalis, known as *shaba*, cross the border with impunity, often armed with Russian-made AK-47 assault rifles and plastic land mines. They raid villages, ambush trucks and slaughter game. Somalia claims that all of northern Kenya, clear down to Mount Kenya itself, is its property. As a result, the Kenyan government has opened new roads into the north, mainly to expedite troop movements in the event of war, and caravans of its own troops course the countryside every day. African soldiers are notorious for slaughtering wildlife whenever they can. And they have the weapons at hand. Between shifts and sol-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPIDGE

Curiosity got the better of caution for these groups of waterbuck (top). Grey's zebra and oryx, who appear to be poaching for their family portraits





At Shaba Game Reserve, a giraffe looms beneath a flight of storks, and a weary blue-legged Somali ostrich herds its young.

KENYA GAME *continued*

chery, the game takes a heavy pounding.

I had hunted the country around Nairobi Keju with Winter in 1974, and at that time it was thick with gazelles, buffalo, eland, impala, game birds and lions. In our three-day stay this time out we saw plenty of gazelles but very little else, except for the zebra herd, which seemed to be stronger than it had been four years earlier. Heavy rain kept us from penetrating deep into the surrounding Lorogi Forest, so we had no chance to check for signs of rhino or elephant. But clearly the region had taken a "dreadful clouting," as Winter would say in his English locution. It seemed that the Rope of God had been cut again in a new, more insidious, manner.

Not far from the scene of the electrocuted zebras we came upon the carcass of a freshly killed impala doe. She had been partly skinned, and a spear, a blanket and a walking stick lay beside her. Lambat, our Dorobo tracker, found blood and hair along a track down which she had been dragged. An entry wound gaped in the doe's neck. Nearby, a group of young Samburu were herding goats, and when we began to gut the animal one of them—a boy of no more than 12—came running up. Soldiers had shot the

impala, the boy said, and because they had left it to rot, he had decided to salvage the meat. Yet on opening the body cavity we could find no bullet, not even a fragment of one. The doe was heavily pregnant.

"She was probably lying up in some cover, in labor, and the lad spotted her," Winter said. "Short work with the spear. Well, Bwana, we've caught ourselves a poacher—but what do we do next? Turn him over to the police in Maralal? If we let him go, this boy will be a hero tonight in his manyatta for bringing home the bacon. If we turn him in, he'll spend months in the toils of the law, and that isn't a pretty prospect anywhere on this continent."

The boy went off to his goats, loaded with fresh meat. Behind him he left the almost born mumba. The fetus was sleek and darkly marked, gleaming with amniotic fluid, and its perfectly formed hooves felt soft as jelly.

"I hope we did the right thing," Winter said as we drove away. "This kind of poaching is never going to be eradicated. The people are hungry for meat, for protein of any kind. They see game as competition for their cattle. And with the human population of Kenya growing at



about 3.5% a year, the competition is going to get sharper and sharper. In the old days the tribes were nomadic, so they took their killing of the game with them whenever they moved. Now the government is encouraging permanent farms, subsistence farms. No farmer wants bushbuck invading his plot of maize. He sets wire snares along the game trails. Keeps crop loss down and puts meat in the pot. When lions kill his cattle, he puts a spoonful of Coopertox—cattle dip—into the carcass and the lions are finished. Poisoned. In the old days the warriors went out after the lion with spears, but that's all in the past. Tin roofs, babies, wire snares and cattle dip—that's the wave of the future. That's what will ultimately finish the wildlife."

Later in the day we found the skeleton of a buffalo, its horn tips cut off to make the ubiquitous Kenyan snuffboxes called *karanges*. Stopping at various villages along the way, we heard the same story from everyone. *Nyama mingi*—plenty of game. Lions had been taking the cattle. There were elephants and rhinos in the deep forest. Baboons had been into the corn last night. Would we shoot them?

"But the hunting is finished," Winter explained time and again. "It is over. The government has taken away our guns."

"But I am a good Skinner. Could you not hire me for this safari?"

Driving back to camp that night we spotted glowing eyes in the light of the head lamps—a leopard high on Naiboru Kaju. I hoped it was the same leopard that had kept me awake every night with its coughing four years ago, as it prowled in search of baboons. The stars were out in fuller force than we had seen so far. Beyond the reach of the campfire the air was Rocky Mountain crisp. I recall hearing that this was the very country in which Arthur Neumann, the turn-of-the-century elephant hunter, made his name. I was told he was the first white man to live here permanently. And that only 70-odd years ago. The Samburu have a name for him, *Nyama Yangu*—My Men—because whenever they came begging he turned them away with that phrase. An old man named Lesombolo, who came to camp in hopes of selling us a spear ("This is my heart" he exclaimed in his sales pitch. "I'll take \$8 for it"), said he once worked for *Nyama Yangu*. He said

that *Nyama Yangu* carved his initials and those of his safari boys on a tree trunk below the waterfall across from camp. But that was long ago.

Dropping off to sleep, I remembered being told that *Nyama Yangu* had never sold the ivory of the elephants he had killed. He told friends he had cached it somewhere in the Samburu country. Maybe there, near the waterfall, where the old man had told us we might find his initials? The Treasure of *Nyama Yangu*... That's what Africa does to you.

The leopard coughed up on the rock face far above my tent. That was reality—at least there was one leopard left.

The Shaba Game Reserve, north of Isiolo in the Northern Frontier District, is a small park by Kenya's standards—only 100 square miles in area—yet it is quintessentially East Africa. Flat-topped acacias stud the rolling, high-grass game plain. The country looks deceptively easy to travel but is in fact a lava bed that will turn an ankle in an instant of un-

continued

Two casualties were spotted in northern Kenya: an impala poached by a 12-year-old boy (right) and a cattle killing lion poisoned by farmers



Winter held sick calf for locals, dispensing aspirin and advice. Joy Adamson, author of "Born Free," had Kulu, a lion cub, to teach and cuddle



wariness. The park's northern boundary is the Ewaso Ngiro River, cascading down from the heights of Mount Kenya to die, finally, in the Lorian Swamp south of Wajir. When we arrived the river was in spate, thanks to the ongoing rains. It ran red between its sandstone banks, carrying with it tons of topsoil.

On the way in we spotted birds working over a carcass and, on approaching, found it to be that of a young lion. He had not yet developed a mane, and the condition of his hide—hair slipping at the touch of a boot—showed he had been poisoned.

"Probably a cattle killer," Winter said, "or maybe the son of one. At any rate, the Cooperfox has finished him for good and all. The trouble with this indiscriminate use of poison is that it kills everything that comes to feed on the carcass of a dead cow. Jackals, hyenas, vultures, mambos, not to mention the lion that quite innocently did the job in the first place."

Our camp had been pitched beside a limestone spring. Blacksmith plovers circled anxiously as we settled in. Buffalo weavers, the males with dusty red bills and white-flashed dark wings, nested in the acacias that provided our shade. Nearby were a group of stone cairns, lava black in the afternoon light. They probably date back to the earliest arrival of the Boran tribe in these parts. We pondered on the life-styles of the dead men lying under those rocks.

Shaba is Joy Adamson country, established largely through funding provided by her from the profits of her popular book *Born Free*, films and money raised by the Elsa Wild Animal Appeal. The park was opened last May, and we were only the ninth party to register at the Garba Tula gate. The Adamson camp lay across the lava plain from ours, and Mrs. Adamson was an residence and in the process of releasing back into the wild a leopard she had raised from a cub. One afternoon we set out to call on her.

A tall, lean woman of 68, her sun-bleached hair cropped close, she received us graciously despite the pressure of her work. "Penny, my leopard, is 18 months old and weighs 120 pounds," she said as we drank warm beer in her compound. "She's a proper soundrel. All claws and teeth, as you can see." She indicated the healing scars on her arms. "I've learned

to clear out whenever she begins chewing at her hind feet. That's the sign that she's about to chew my front ones."

Mrs. Adamson spoke with a heavy Austrian accent, quite a surprise to those who saw the film version of *Born Free*, in which perky Virginia McKenna, an Englishwoman, portrayed her.

"I spend about eight hours a day tracking Penny down with a direction finder," Mrs. Adamson said. "She's wearing a radio transmitter in her collar. You've seen Shaba—it's tough walking. But a short time ago Bob Aguya, the game warden at Samburu Park just west of us, gave me a lion cub. Now I have both Penny and the cub to deal with. Would you like to see him?"

We went into the wire-fenced cage and the lion cub looked up at us. Then he scooted to a grassy corner and flattened to invisibility. "I call him Kufa, the Swahili for 'eat,'" Mrs. Adamson said. "He's a darling, but I don't know what to do with him. By the time I'm finished with my work on Penny, I have none left for him. Some nights I've sat up with him for hours, just chatting. Baby lions need a lot of attention. But I haven't the time. Would you like another glass of beer?"

The talk swung to the poaching problem, and she agreed that the government's closing of the curio shops was the most important step thus far. "But the real salvation of East Africa's wildlife won't come until foreign demand for animal products ceases," she added. "Leopard-skin coats, ivory gewgaws and the Chinese belief in the medicinal properties of rhino horn. Education of the public to the plight of the game is all-important. That's what my Elsa clubs all around the world are about. If we can save just one lion or leopard or giraffe or zebra, we'll have done something."

A brilliant red sunset illuminated the mountainous horizon. A herd of oryx, more than 50 strong, galloped across the track ahead of us, their long horns spiking the oncoming night. Ayan, Winter's second tracker, a husky, one-eyed Turkana, watched them go wistfully. "Picture safaris make my blood bad," he gruffed in that deep, raspy voice all Turkana affect. "Hunting is better for me. I love to watch animals and to kill them and then eat them." And Joy Adamson prays for "education." I wondered if Ayan

would care for an Elsa club membership.

That night, as we lay reading in our tents, I suddenly heard a loud rumbling directly outside the canvas. Lion? Not likely. It sounded more like a cement mixer or going berserk. Then I caught the strong barnyard odor—elephants' Eating 300 pounds of greenery a day, their stomachs are always churning. Peering out the side flap I saw the starlit sky suddenly go black. Not 10 feet away an elephant trumpeted. Any moment now they might blunder into the tents. If so, we would soon be squashed as flat as hammered tin cans.

Winter leaped out of his tent with a flashlight, swinging the beam wildly at the herd. It stampeded—an earth-quaking roar, punctuated by squeals and high trumpeting. I ran out to watch them go. On the hillside opposite us was a wall of dust punctuated by the gray, sinuous trunks snaking high as the herd fled.

"There were at least 60 or 80 of them," Winter yelled. "Crikey, that was a close one."

Back in the tent, I gingerly removed six needle-sharp thorns from the soles of my bare feet. In the excitement, I hadn't even felt them penetrate. Somehow it was difficult to regain interest in the Tolstoy short story I had been reading.

Our final safari camp was at Meru National Park, beyond the Nyambeni Range east of Isiolo. The lads had pitched the tents at the edge of a wooded stream, far off the main roads of the park. Vervet and colobus monkeys festooned the trees, watching owlishly as Masamba, our worthy *mpishi*, whipped up another three-star supper. Meru, with its weird, two-trunked doom palms and strange red outcroppings—decomposed lava boulders covered with red sandy soil—is excellent country for elephant-watching and, until recently, for rhinos as well. On the road in we met with Denis Zaphiro, an old hunting buddy of both Winter and Ernest Hemingway, and stopped to hear his appraisal of the elephant and rhino situation at Meru. Zaphiro, a lean, gray-haired Englishman, appeared particularly scholarly when he put on his glasses to read the park map. Plenty of elephants, he told us, but only one with decent ivory. Rhinos, too, but they were up in the red hills, off the good roads, and with all the rain we'd been having it was very difficult to get to them.

continued

"Those three white rhinos that were pranged up here last fall were killed by a group that included a game scout," Zaphiro told us. "A Somali who'd recently been transferred to Meru from down south. I had a personal stake in those kifaru—I helped in procuring them from Natal." Zaphiro and his clients, an American couple from Ohio, were heading up to the Matthews Range in the north-central part of the country for a three-week horse and camel safari. We wished them all a hearty *kwaheri*.

"Quite a lad, old Denis," said Winter

striped bus unloaded a group of chattering Germans, who proceeded to surround the three rhinos, petting their mud-caked hides, stroking the heavy frontal horn of the big male and posing for fake matador shots—windbreakers sweeping in clumsy verónicas as the camera shutters buzzed.

Once again we were awed by the enormous fecundity of the wildlife. Everywhere we drove in the vastness of the park we saw young—from baby weaverbirds and red-billed quelea to 10-foot-tall infant giraffes. Climbing into the red-

"Twende, rwende! Let's go! He's coming!"

"Oh, sugar!" Bill gritted, speeding up once again. But Lambat was laughing, he'd fooled us.

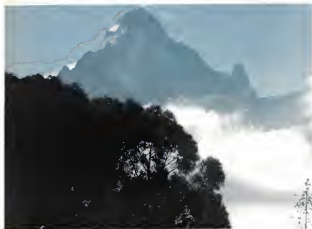
"You'll do that once too often, my fine young man," Winter told him. "And then an elephant will really be coming, and I won't believe you, and we're all *kufa*."

On our final day we drove down to the Tana River. Buffalo herds browsed the high grass; two male giraffes battled on a ridge, slamming their heads like sledgehammers into one another in search of a knockdown punch; blue-legged Somali ostriches wobbled flat out across the prairie, their gray pullballs of young scotching to keep up. In a hippo pool a family of the rotund, ill-tempered river horses blew and yawned, then watched us with their rotary ears twitching before sinking silently back into the slimy green depths.

The Tana was in spate. A mountain of roaring, red-brown water crashed down Adamson's Falls (Meru is the country where Elsa was found and later released). A big crocodile basked in the sun on the bank across the way. We sat on the slotted rocks beside the falls—vertical jointing, black and brown, ocher and beige, as the chocolate river poured past.

"Wouldn't it be something to see a drowned elephant come tumbling down through these falls?" Winter said. "It happens, you know. Giraffes, too. A hell of a sight, I know. I was washed down a falls like these some years ago up in the Mukogodo country, where Lambat comes from. A place called The Crocodile's Jaws. Took a swim and got caught in the rip. Over I went. How I lived through it I still can't figure, but all I picked up were a few nasty scratches. Ah yes, I was a *ndame* in those days, Bwana, a real bull. Now I'm finished, like old Nyngao. Old Getting fat from lying around in hospitals having my bones plucked out. *Mguu mbaya*—a bad leg, thanks to that .375. But I wouldn't change a day of it. Not a minute. It was a good life while it lasted out here, with the hunting and the tough oldtimers and the country even tougher. Think of all the good men who loved this country, black and white alike. Old Nyama Yanga. Karamoja Bell. Richard Meinertzhagen. Robert Foran. Your own Hemingway and Ruark. Now they're all gone, they're finished."

continued



Left: Kenya, which rises 17,058 feet, can be seen on a clear day from Nabor Kesi, 100 miles away.

later. "He house-sat for us while I was in England last year having my wounded foot filleted after my client accidentally plugged it with a .375. The rotter ate up all my good chutney and my costly English marmalade, not to mention drinking a whole case of Scotch whisky. Still, we all love him, and after all he's but a growing boy."

Next day we paid a call on Kenya's surviving white rhinos, which had been imported from Natal and are so docile tourists can pet them. There were three of them, a nearly full-grown male, a juvenile cow and an infant male. A zebra-

clay hills, the Toyota's deeply lugged tires slip-sliding as if in grease, we came upon a herd of elephants. Two young bulls were fighting, their trunks entwined, small tusks poking at one another's shoulders, slamming their bodies together with the sound of toppling trees. "We'd best not get too close," Winter said. "They could turn on us." Just then, from behind a tangle of low trees, a big bull with one tusk emerged and spread his ears. Winter gunned the motor and we slowly slid away. Then, as we rounded a curve, Lambat called from the open rear hatch of the truck.

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ished, no *Awisha* *Awifa* like old Nyagao."

A yellow and blue agama lizard crept out on a rock to bask in the heavy-hitting sun; as if in some strange counterbalance, the crocodile across the way slid into the roiling water, out of sight.

"But maybe the hunting will come back," Winter went on. "The government seems serious about preserving the herds. The World Bank loaned them \$3 million to beef up their anti-poaching patrols, and no one in the government today seems deeply into the trophy or ivory trade, not with their coffee shambas paying off the way they are. Surely they can see that it wasn't the sport hunting that was decimating the herds. Yes, I think that the attitude is definitely changing for the better. No country has dedicated as much of its land and income, proportionately, to wildlife as Kenya. It's important to keep that in mind. Your country doesn't. Britain doesn't. On balance, Kenya has done a remarkable job in keeping its wildlife alive—when you consid-

er the strong pressures on an underdeveloped nation to gratify its people. And certainly we've seen that the game can come back in a hurry, given some protection and a decent amount of rainfall.

"Yes, maybe the hunting will come back," Winter continued. "At least the bird shooting and plains game. Buffalo seem strong enough to take a little pressure, and certainly there are plenty of lions. The thing about sport hunting is that everyone benefits from it: the government in license fees; the professional hunters in a steady living; the tribes whose lands you hunt get their fair share of the client's money for every animal killed; marauding animals are eliminated at no government expense; and the client himself has the adventure of a lifetime. Hunters in the field report poachers, and the Game Department can certainly use all the help it can get. Yes, logically it would be good to reopen the hunting, perhaps with seasons on certain species and with a total ban on the kill-

ing of rhino, small, ivoryed elephants and the spotted cats. Let's hope so, anyway."

I uttered a heartfelt "Amen" to that.

Leaving Meru, with the tents struck for the last time and the lorry following, we spotted a solitary bull elephant browsing under a scarred, bulbous baobab tree. It is my fantasy that baobab trees, which elephants love to gouge mercilessly with their tusks, are the incarnations of dead pouchers, doomed to stand forever under the hot African sun, getting punched and ripped by their erstwhile victims. This elephant had good ivory—60 or 70 pounds to the tusk, Winter estimated. But he had a bad hind leg—a *nyau* *mbaya* just like Winter's, maybe from a .375 bullet as well. He flapped and wagged his trunk at us but could not flee, much less attack.

We left him under his baobab tree, a fitting omen for the "reentry blues" I would be feeling soon, back in the world of towns and shops and jellimers and people.

END



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HE'S VERY HIGH ON HIS HORSES

From his 40th-floor office-apartment
prickly Alan Leavitt pieces together
the biggest deals in harness racing

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Alan Leavitt leaves very few thoughts unexpressed. Which is why he ticks people off so much. Leavitt concedes the point. "There are days when I don't even like being me," he says. Time was when people could handle Leavitt's rampant abrasiveness by ignoring him or otherwise giving him a fast shuffle. But suddenly, Alan Leavitt—a 42-year-old loser who detests taking a middle-of-the-road position on anything because "all you find there are dead opossums, dead skunks and a yellow line"—has swung out of the traffic and is up there among the movers and shakers in harness racing. Many of the sport's biggies don't necessarily want him in their club, but they've got him.

This man with no patience for small talk or small deals aspires to become the very biggest shot in the business. He buys, sells, breeds and races horses at a dizzying pace. His three Lana Lobell farms, in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, spread over 2,475 acres, and he has plans to buy at least 500 more acres. He has every intention of catching up with and moving past the famed Hanover Shoe and Castleton farms. And he's in such a big rush because he wants to write a book and make a movie. Predictably, he's ignoring his own lawyer, who has advised him that movie making is "sheer insanity" and a sure road to financial regret. P. Jack Baugh, president of the U.S. Trotting Association and of Kentucky's Almahurst Farm, says, "Alan

probably will do everything he says he will. He's shrewd."

What makes Leavitt such a dominant force in harness racing is his ability to syndicate horses—an arrangement whereby a number of investors share ownership of a horse, all hoping to drive the profits but prepared to partake in the losses. Leavitt brought off harness racing's first important syndication 14 years ago. Two years ago, he put together the biggest harness deal ever—16 people pooling \$3.6 million for the pacer Nero. Since 1964, Leavitt has syndicated \$20 million worth of the sport's finest horses and, more than any other individual, helped push prices toward the heavens. When it comes to syndication, nobody does more of it or does it better.

This season Leavitt got together \$4.5 million—including more than \$1.6 million of his own—and now has control of both the most promising 3-year-old pacer and the most promising 3-year-old trotter. The pacer, No No Yankee, won a record \$211,374 as a 2-year-old with 10 wins in 11 starts. Leavitt has more than \$660,000 worth of No No and, more important, the say-so on the colt's future. Then there is Speedy Somell, thought to be the class of the trotters. Speedy cost Leavitt \$1 million and he owns 51%. There are experts who are appalled at the idea of putting that much money into two such young horses, for many a brilliant 2-year-old loses its luster in the grind of the 3-year-old campaign. Leavitt sniffs at the qualms. "Both these horses are worth what I paid for them," he says.

While each of these colts could easily make \$200,000 to \$400,000 at the races this summer, the truly big money comes when they begin their careers at stud. So if these two have a good 1978 and if they turn out to be worthy sires—the perennial "ifs" in racing—Leavitt will be in tall, tall cotton. With the Leavitt luck, the odds shorten, and in any case, few dispute that among the thousands of 3-year-olds going to the track this year, Leavitt has the two best prospects. But it's a fickle game.

Which is a perfect match for a fickle man. When he's trying to be engaging—even his friends say it is an effort for him—Leavitt says he lives by these guidelines. "Don't eat at a restaurant called Mom's, don't play cards with a guy





named Doc, and never sleep with anybody who has more problems than you." He admits he stole these precepts, but he likes them anyway. His philosophy is a good deal gentler than the man. Recently he went after an official of the U.S. Trotting Association. Said Leavitt of the hapless soul, "The USTA glorifies mediocrity and I rest my case in this man. Calling him mediocre is a compliment to him. I mean the fact that a guy wears \$3 shirts from Sears and clip-on long ties is no proof of mediocrity but it's a damn good indication." At the annual USTA meeting last March, the man was booted out of his job and Leavitt, of course, was among the booters.

Leavitt lives on the 40th floor of an apartment building on New York's East Side. For his \$2,000-a-month rent, he gets unlimited viewing rights to the Empire State, Chrysler and Pan Am buildings, the George Washington and Triboro bridges, the East River, La Guardia Airport and the apartment of a wealthy, well-known New York businessman. The other night, Leavitt peered out and saw that the man was having a party, the kind of party that probably ought to have been held behind drawn curtains. Leavitt could not resist. He pecked up the phone, dialed a number and asked to speak to the host.

"This is him."

"This is he," corrected Leavitt, a Harvard man.

"Huh?"

"Am I disturbing you?"

"No, no. If you were, I'd hang up."

"Good," said Leavitt. "What's the last book you read?"

"Who is this?"

"Sir, I'd just like to satisfy my intellectual curiosity by knowing the last book you read. I'm not afraid to tell you my last book. It was *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* by Tom Robbins."

"*The Eagle Has Landed*."

"Thank you very much. Have a nice evening."

The man across the street could be seen interrupting his guests and obviously repeating the gist of the phone call. Leavitt was beside himself. "See, this was probably the first time that anybody ever suspected that fool could read, much less care what he read."

The incident reveals something of the way Leavitt operates. He very often likes

continued

to act as an unseen force in a situation; he is nervy and seizes opportunities; he is iconoclastic, unpredictable and moody. Stan Bergstein, executive vice-president of the Harness Tracks of America, counts himself among Leavitt's friends. "But when I call him a close friend," says Bergstein, "I don't expect to be treated like a book salesman. And I certainly expect him to call me back, which Alan sometimes doesn't." So bad is Leavitt about returning phone calls that when Jim Harrison agreed to take charge of the Lana Lobell farm in Hanover, Pa., he says there was only one condition. "I told Alan I wouldn't call him often," he said, "but when I did, he must call right back." Leavitt's attorney, David Blasband, says, "You can't be thin-skinned if you want to have a relationship with Alan."

Indeed, Leavitt insists on making plans to go across the Hudson and visit the Meadowlands racetrack, when the time comes, he moans, "I just can't face the world tonight." He is anxious to show off his Hanover farm, when the time comes for the flight, he backs out.

He orders dinner to be sent up by a neighborhood deli and asks for skim milk. "No skim," says the man at the deli, "only pasteurized." Whereupon Leavitt feels it necessary to set the man straight by explaining that virtually all

milk in this country is pasteurized. The man is not enthralled to learn this. It often seems as if Leavitt intends to right every one of the world's wrongs, whether it's any of his business or not.

Murray Brown, who was fired by Leavitt 10½ years ago and now is an executive with Hanover Shoe Farms, says, "Alan seems to go out of his way to alienate people." True. There is, for example, a certain USTA public-relations man whom Leavitt cannot abide. In fact, Leavitt has little contact with the man and no real reason to talk about him. Still, he cannot resist remarking to an acquaintance, "That man should have been writing publicity for Muvolina."

Farm manager Jim Harrison tries to be a voice of reason. "Alan is six lengths ahead of everyone else in this business," he says, "but I think he's so straightforward that he invites trouble." Even with people who break out with red necks at the mere mention of Leavitt, the words "smart" and "honest" inevitably arise when he is discussed. Howard Beissinger, trainer and 10% owner of Speedy Somolli, says, "When Alan tells you something, take it to the bank." And Frank G. Daniels, a Nova Scotia horseman, says, "I would rather buy from Alan Leavitt over the phone without ever having seen the horse than to see for my-

self." Says Leavitt, "You've got to tell the truth every time you open your mouth, not just when it suits you." But even with his outspoken ways, he insists, "I can be absolutely charming."

But, Alan, charm is not really your strongest suit, is it? "Well, I suppose we all see ourselves with a good deal of editing," he says.

Those who would like to edit Leavitt out of the harness business can forget it, even though there is chatter that he may have overextended himself financially. Says famed horseman Del Miller, "When you build an empire, you have to realize empires fall." In particular, Miller wonders how Leavitt can buy so much when prices for land and animals are so high.

The president of a prominent breeding farm grumps, "He must have a different kind of auditor than I do. I don't know how he does it. Maybe he's smarter than I am." Owner-trainer-driver Joe O'Brien is asked if Leavitt tends to overpay for horses. "Definitely," he says. Many think that Leavitt may have stepped on himself this time by paying too much for Speedy Somolli in a year when there are several other outstanding trotters, Leavitt differs. "Only the whole world was trying to buy Speedy Somolli," he says. "A lot of people have \$2 million but I'm the only one who has Speedy." Lawyer Blasband says of Leavitt's situation, "He has one terrific balance sheet."

"People are just jealous when others do things," says Leavitt. "If you're a mover, they're critical. In a flock of sheep, everyone looks the same." Then he smiles his wary little smile—those few who know him well say he mistrusts every relationship—and gazes out across the city lights. In conversation, he constantly drills a listener with his eyes, not waiting for an answer, just looking. Hard. Leavitt doesn't blink first. He's in the throes of ending his second marriage and he says of his life, "I'm just not very happy." He used to hit the discos—one of his horses, Salvation, is named after such a place—and boozed too much. Today there is no liquor and seemingly little joy in his life, except when he deals with horses.

"It does seem like a horse is worth more money when you're up here on the 40th floor than when you're looking up at streets filled with trash and garbage from a one-room flat," says Leavitt. "I know that. But I always wanted to deal

continued



The pacer Niro, speculated for a record \$3.6 million, stands at stud at Leavitt's Hanover, Pa. farm.

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in high-priced horses. And let me tell you, it's a narcotic. When you start living on the high wires, you can't ever come down."

Basically, Leavitt simply is trying to buy and syndicate the best horses in a sport where breeding is almost everything. He's not much for detailed examinations of horses in which he is interested. "It's like looking at a girl," he says. "Right away you know what you think." In the case of future stallions, he will contact the owners. Or, as he likes to put it, they will call him. In the fall of 1976, a Woonsocket, R.I. lawyer, Paul Fontaine, bought No No Yankee for \$18,500. Last March, he called Leavitt and heard Alan's estimate of what he could syndicate the horse for—\$2.5 million.

Not long ago, Leavitt agreed to purchase two mares, both purportedly in foal, for a sky-high \$400,000. At the last minute, two things happened: owner Bob Mumma of Harrisburg, Pa. decided he really didn't want to part with Somoli, the dam of Speedy Somoli; then Pizzaz, the second mare, turned out not to be in foal. At that point Leavitt was entirely free to walk away from the deal or at least to try to get a downward price adjustment in view of the condition of Pizzaz. But he didn't. Recalls Mumma, "I was really hoping he'd try to change the deal because that would have given me the chance to get out of it. But he was smart enough to know that." Several years ago Leavitt paid \$325,000 for Tarport Hap—at the time, the highest price ever for a mare. "It's an embarrassment for a rich man to have poor mares," says Leavitt, referring, he insists, not to himself.

There were early hints of Leavitt's acumen. At a Baltimore military school, he was named the most efficient noncommissioned officer. For most of his growing-up years, Alan's family lived in horse country. His father gravitated into the mail-order business. Selling what? "One- and two-dollar junk that didn't work," says Leavitt. His youth was marked by a "deep sense of insecurity. My father kept saying we were going to the poorhouse and I believed him." After getting his B.A. degree in English from Harvard, he worked for his father. He says he was so embarrassed with his line of work that when people asked what he did, he said, "Import, export." When he decided to go into horses, the old man said it was silly. Nonetheless, Alan spent

\$1,600 on a mare, which turned out to be a silly move.

His first foray into syndication came in 1964 when a prominent Hanover farm owner, Mrs. Helen Buck, decided to sell Overrick for \$450,000. "She wanted to send out 10 telegrams," says Leavitt, "and could only think of nine names, so she added me." Leavitt called her and said he would like 24 hours to try to get the money. The next morning, having made little headway, Leavitt got a call from Norman Woolworth, president of Stoner Creek Stud.

"Congratulations," boomed the horseman. "No, no," said Leavitt, "I can't do it." "Sure you can," said Woolworth. "I'll take a share." And when Leavitt further protested that he guessed he didn't know anything about syndication, Woolworth said he would lend him a copy of a syndication agreement to serve as a guide. Leavitt picked it up from Woolworth at a Chinese restaurant. That was the turning point—for Alan and for harness racing.

Among his deals—he has never failed to get a horse syndicated nor has a deal he engineered ever lost money—have been \$2.7 million for Oil Burner when others were thinking in terms of \$1.8 million; \$1.4 million for Nasemond; Hambletonian winner Speedy Crown for \$1 million; and the first standardbred ever to be syndicated for \$1 million, Noble Victory.

But growing up in Hanover was not a happy time for Leavitt and he dislikes going there even now. He thinks he was shunned because he was Jewish and he continues to think that. In an article by Charlie Leershen in a trade publication, *Hoodbeats*, Leavitt attacked the Hambletonian Society (an influential governing board in harness racing) for being "openly anti-Semitic." That, he says, is why he's not a member. He contends that Del Miller, a director of the group, "suggested my name twice but couldn't get a second." Miller says that is not true, but that he did mention that "someone we should consider Alan Leavitt." In a fit of pique the other night, Leavitt went through a list of the members of the society, noting those with few or no horses, those with favored family connections, those with no visible qualifications and one who is "a dedicated drunk."

Among other Leavitt opinions that nobody asked for.

• Two-heat racing of 2-year-olds in hot weather in Goshen, N.Y. is ridiculous. Also, lack of information on programs there makes betting "a shell game."

• Classified racing, in which a horse that wins is moved up to the next higher class, fosters cheating. That complaint stings a couple of the biggest tracks in the country—Roosevelt and Yonkers.

• Don't speak ill of the dead—but then, warning to the task. Leavitt attacks the late George Morton Levy, the founder of Roosevelt, for "making himself rich but never doing anything for harness racing."

• His stallion Oil Burner is the first great one to ever stand in New Jersey, an observation that undoubtedly irks every owner who has ever had a stallion in the state.

• "I'd like to be governor of New Jersey someday. Why not? They seem to elect about any jerk over there."

Stan Bergstein says. "He's a refreshing breeze in harness racing. He's a liberal, total and flaming, among a group of people who are to the right of Genghis Khan. But he is not a compromiser and he doesn't do things the polite way." But what one man thinks of another is not the bottom line in racing. The horse is. And that's why Leavitt and the people with whom he has had bitter contretemps still deal with each other.

At this year's USTA meeting in Columbus, Ohio, Leavitt was the only one who took off his sport jacket, he said he wore a tie "only because if you don't, these people don't think you own one." He suggested a motion be passed to limit a certain talkative horseman to 10,000 words an hour. When Leavitt disrupted another session by conversing while business was being transacted, the chairman said icily, "Alan, do you have something more important than this rules change?" "Yes, Mr. Chairman," said Leavitt, "but I'll forgive it."

While Leavitt's mouth can put things in turmoil, it's also true he's an innovator. Not only is he the father of syndication, but he was also a leader in seeing both the profit in racing horses in the winter and the benefits of acquiring top foreign horses. Recently he syndicated \$750,000 worth of yearlings, an innovation that greatly pleases him. "One of them is so fast he catches birds," Leavitt says. Which, with the Leavitt luck, may turn out to be true.



Back on the comeback trail again

Fergie Jenkins was considered washed up, but now he's cleaning up in Texas

Thirteen years ago Jim Bunning of the Phillies, who later became the first pitcher since Cy Young to win 100 games in each major league, allowed men to reach first and third in a game against the Cardinals. It was the eighth inning, and the score was tied as Manager Gene Mauch strolled to the mound. "I'm taking you out," Mauch told Bunning.

After handing Mauch the ball, Bunning headed for the dugout, glancing back as he went to see who was relieving him. Then he stopped short and an expression of such deep affront crossed his face that Pat Corrales, the catcher that day and now a coach with the Texas Rangers, still laughs as he recalls it. "Are you serious?" Bunning yelled at Mauch. "Him?"

The object of Bunning's scorn was a gangly, 6' 5", 21-year-old righthander named Ferguson Jenkins, who was making his first appearance in the major leagues. Jenkins took his warmup tosses, nervously stared in for Corrales' sign, checked the runners and threw the first pitch of his career where Dick Groat's head would have been had Groat not hit the dirt. "The next three deliveries were on the black," Corrales remembers, and

Jenkins had the first strikeout of his career. After the 12th inning, he also had his first win.

Last week, pitching for Texas, Jenkins, who in recent seasons has again been the object of scorn, picked up win 217 against Milwaukee. The victory brought him within seven of Bunning's career total and placed him third among active pitchers, behind Jim Kaat (254 wins) and Gaylord Perry (246), who, at 39, are five years his senior. The victory over the Brewers last Monday was the fourth in a row for Jenkins. His loss to Seattle on Saturday dropped his record to 4-2, which is still the best on the Texas staff even though a month ago he was not a starter.

In his first three appearances after being elevated from the bullpen on April 25, Jenkins threw complete games against Kansas City, Boston and Milwaukee, allowing only one run each time out. Those performances came at a critical period for the Rangers. Picked by many to unseat Kansas City in the American League West, Texas stumbled out of the blocks with three wins in its first 13 games. The Rangers had lost nine of 10 when Manager Bill Hunter moved Jenkins into his rotation for a game against the Royals.

Using the same smooth delivery that marked his style during his glory years with the Cubs, Jenkins retired the first 18 batters. He finished with a four-hit-ter, a 4-1 win and a bad case of exhaustion. "I was done on both sides," he said.

In that tiring hour and 48 minutes, Jenkins breathed new life into a career that had been flagging since the first season of an earlier stint with the Rangers. In 1974 he had a 25-12 record to become the young club's first star. As good as it was, that record was hardly startling; Jenkins had won 20 games in six of his previous seven seasons.

The victory over K.C. also breathed life into the Rangers, who rattled off seven straight wins. Since then they have flip-flopped along at a pace of about .500. Jenkins has not been riding the Ranger roller coaster. In his second start he faced the Red Sox, who traded him last winter for a son named John Poloni; the left-handed Poloni is now in the minors. Boston also picked up a little pocket change in the deal. Jenkins threw another four-hitter against his former teammates, allowing one walk and no earned runs on his way to a 2-1 victory. After that, Red Sox Manager Don Zimmer must have been reciting his own rendition of Bunning's "Are you serious? Him?"

A torn Achilles tendon limited Jenkins' effectiveness in '76, his first season in Boston, and he says he pitched in pain for the Sox in '77 before losing his starting job and spending the last two months in Zimmer's doghouse, alongside fellow mutts Rick Wise and Jim Willoughby. Because Jenkins had won only 22 games in his two years with the Sox, it was assumed by most Bostonians and a lot of people elsewhere that he was washed up.

"The pain obviously bothered him," says Reggie Cleveland, a former Red Sox who was also picked up by Texas after this season started. "Pain breaks your concentration. Suddenly a pitch is off by six inches, and it's a rope instead of an out. In Boston, if you don't pitch well, you don't pitch. There is no such thing as waiting out a slump."

Jenkins has rarely had to deal with slumps. From 1967 through 1972, when he played for the Cubs, he was baseball's most consistent winner, a veritable pitching machine. He worked an average of 306 innings a season and won 20 or more

continued

A photograph of a race car, likely a Formula 1 or IndyCar, driving on a track. The car is white with green and blue accents. In the background, there are large, multi-tiered grandstands filled with a dense crowd of spectators. The scene is captured from a low angle, emphasizing the scale of the event.

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B. Finish of 1928 Indianapolis 500
C. Carl G. Fisher inspecting the Speedway track under construction in 1909.



The Thrill of Speedway racing 1911

For the relative few who have felt the exhilaration of hurtling along in an Indianapolis race car, driving it deep into the turns and flashing down the straightaways, it is, they say, a thrill beyond belief. The bright spring clothing and the people themselves become a blur. Your breath is gone for a second as you flash through Turn One, they tell us. And by the time the forces of gravity begin to settle down, there is Turn Two. And Three. And Four.

The thrill must have been there in 1911 when the cars were zipping along at 70 miles per hour, so one can imagine what it is like today when drivers do it at 200 miles per hour in sophisticated race cars that are the creations of the premier mechanical minds of the world, and the results of months of building and testing. And 67 years of evolution.

It is a precise and scientific sport today, but it hasn't always been that way. For one thing, there was a time when drivers built their own cars, or simply went out and bought a passenger car and raced it. There were few companies that even

cared to supply parts and the sponsors, generally, were the fledgling auto manufacturers themselves—Marmion, Lozier, the Duesenberg Brothers and a lot of names that are gone forever from racing. And the highways. Not until the 20s did any parts sponsors come along, and even then their assistance was limited. For example, from 1931 to 1961 every car that started in the Indy 500 raced on Firestone Tires. Nobody was building race-ready engines or trick suspensions; it was every man for himself.

It was that way when Karl Kizer first sat in an Indy car in 1916. As a daring youth of 18 he became a riding mechanic. Keep in mind, that zinging a car through the turns is one thing if you do it yourself, but to ride along with nothing to do but hold on while somebody else presses the pedal and turns the steering wheel is an entirely different matter.

But Kizer did that. And later on he started a machine shop to fashion parts for race cars that were going faster and faster each year. By 1927

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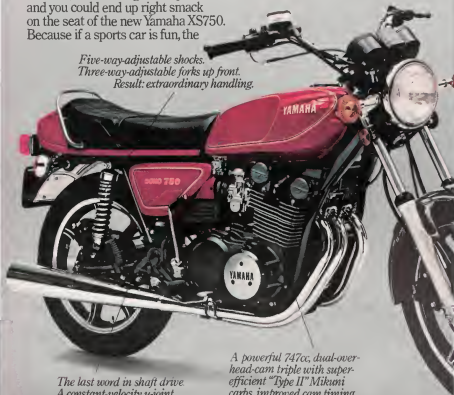
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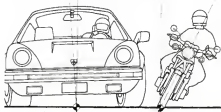
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As a result, the 750 can boast an official standing quarter-mile time of 12.8 seconds, versus 15.2 seconds



for the Porsche. (And an extremely efficient power-to-weight ratio of 10.3 lb/bhp versus 13.5 lb/bhp, if you're interested.)

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The XS750 is a lean and limber machine without a single ounce of unnecessary bulk. And it comes equipped with an uncannily responsive suspension system: five-way-adjustable rear shocks and new three-way-adjustable front forks.

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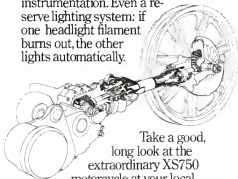
a fine motorcycle is a thrill no four-wheeled vehicle can match.

NO CHAIN, GANG.

Of course, with a motorcycle you might

expect comfort to go right out the window (if it had one). But, in fact, the 750 is about as smooth and quiet as anything on the road. Because its five-speed, constant-mesh transmission is hooked up to our fully-enclosed, state-of-the-art shaft drive, for a turbine-like power transfer.

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Take a good, long look at the extraordinary XS750 motorcycle at your local Yamaha dealer. If you still have trouble adjusting to the idea of not having four wheels, there is a solution.

Buy two XS750s.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

A. Indianapolis Motor Speedway Hall of Fame opened 1956. B. Wilbur Shaw (1903-1954), Indianapolis 500 winner 1937, 1938, 1940. C. A few classic and historic passenger cars. D. Some of the world-famous race cars. E. The late Tony Hulman (1901-1977). F. The Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

Shaw would be only 50. And a classic car is looking at it in the



Frank Lockhard had qualified at more than two miles per minute—a new record of 120,100 miles per hour—and stock parts would no longer do; they often broke, so it was up to a handful of men like Kizer to machine stronger ones.

"It was the Karl Kizers who kept a lot of the racers going," says Speedway P.R. director Al Bloemker. "Drivers and mechanics had no choice then. There wasn't any parts pipeline. You either welded it, made it stronger somehow, or watched the race from the pits."

On a fall night in 1954, in front of a fireplace at a hunting lodge in Indiana, Kizer and the Speedway owner, the late Tony Hulman, unknowingly preserved this "golden" period, and the others to follow, for race fans of future generations. They talked of the good ol' days and of a fitting memorial to three-time 500 winner Wilbur Shaw, who had been killed in a private plane

crash ten days earlier.

Members of the press had started a fund for a bronze bust of Shaw, but somehow that didn't seem appropriate for the man who had been so famous.

"You know, Shaw would a whole lot rather have people looking at his race car than at a piece of bronze," said Hulman.

"Well, we sure could get one of his cars," Kizer said, "and some of the other ones. I can restore them, and..."

It was midnight on November 9, 1954 and the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Hall of Fame had been born.

Today it is a magnificent, modern structure with 96,960 square feet of space and more race cars than in any other place in the world—more than 100 of them, and over 150 classic and historic passenger cars to go along with them. There is a





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*Suggested retail price.



ROLEX



A. The 1904 "Rickenbacker" Duesenberg.
B. Karl Kizer. C. Early driver's helmet.
D. Engine from the Premier car built for Carl Fisher for the 1922 Vanderbilt Cup Auto Race. E. Racing trophies.
F. Early auto lamps.

He knows more than most about the early history of the game.

stunning array of silver trophies from the past — themselves works of art — and early helmets and, well, wall-to-wall memorabilia.

There are men restoring more race cars, rebuilding them just as they were built the first time around. By hand. Part by part. Machined. They do it that way primarily because one can't go to the neighborhood parts store and buy a front suspension part for a 1922 Duesenberg or a 1930 Miller. Never could, as a matter of fact. But even if they could buy them, chances are they would still machine the parts because the curator demands that the cars be perfect in every detail. And perfect is making them the way they were made originally.

If you are lucky you can find the curator in his office, but most likely you will find him overseeing a restoration downstairs. He speaks with a great deal of authority because the curator is Kari Kizer.

Kizer will be 80 this year and he is talking of retiring, but nobody is sure he can be properly replaced. After all, he was there. He remembers

exactly how the cars looked in the teens and he certainly knows how they were built, because he helped build them. The first time.

"We have to machine an awful lot of things," Kizer says. "But we can also buy some. You can always get a valve, fairly similar to the original, and machine it down if necessary, and you've got a part for maybe a Duesenberg.

"As for connecting rods, we just go through the rod catalog and pick the one that's the closest. For the old Rickenbacker over there," he said, pointing to a gleaming red, white and blue Duesenberg that looked as if it were ready to race right now, "we found a World War I White truck rod that was close. The only thing was, it had this big, thick bronze bushing, so we bored it off center about one-eighth of an inch to get the right stroke and balanced it off.

"This car," Kizer continued, "had a big, gaping hole in the block and one piston was completely gone, so we found an International truck piston that would fit. Now the car runs. You might not

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A. The first turn during the 1946 Indianapolis 500
B. Karl Kizer
C. Interior of the 1932 Mercedes

...spindle...
...lower body...
...the...
...the...
...the...

get it qualified, but it runs."

"And you know," Kizer said, with a distant look and a twinkle in his eye, "It's exactly the same as they did it when they raced these cars. They didn't have catalogs and parts supplies and sponsor money like today. Hell, they had everything by hand."

...spindle...
old days, they went back to a shop and made one twice as thick. They didn't have heat-treating, so that's the only way they had to make it stronger—make it bigger and thicker."

"We could build any Duesy from the ground up if we wanted to, but when we started, the only thing we had to work with was photographs. And sometimes we had to blow them up to five feet and use them as blueprints. We'd measure this part or that part against something we knew as standard, like a tire or a pop bottle or anything else that might be in the picture. We even knew how tall most of the drivers were, so we could use them as a guide for the dimensions of a tail section or something."

So if you have this kind of background, rebuilding classic race cars is not so tough after all. "And when you look at one of the main floor here," says Kizer, "you can have an awful lot of pride."

... knowing that it's here.

Meyer's...
...the...

For an operation so glamorous today, rebuilding was somewhat inauspicious. Kizer fell heir to the gray and blue Miller-Hartz Special that Fred Frame had driven to victory in 1932. In rusty, crumpled condition, and with the crankshaft broken in seven places, Kizer took it as payment for a debt. He brought it to Indianapolis and rebuilt it in the Century Auto Parts Shop.

Naturally, since the original idea for the museum was a tribute to Shaw, one of his cars should be on exhibit. After a lengthy search the museum staff found two of his Maseratis and extra parts in Minneapolis. They bought them all because they knew they would need every part to pro-





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A. The 1896 Bollee, the oldest car at the museum. B. Len Ormsby finished 24th in his 1912 Opel. C. Details of the 1911 Marmion Wasp showing the rear axle, fuel tank and hand brake.

...and a new
...and a new
...and a new
...and a new

perly restore the car in which Shaw had won the 1939 and 1940 races.

Then they began the task of tracking down the 1911 Marmion Wasp, the car Ray Harroun had driven to victory in the inaugural 500. After weeks of searching they not only found the Marmion but a bonus as well, the 1912 winner—a National. The cars had passed through many hands over the years, including an Eastern college which had sold them to a man down east who had stored them in the back of an old building.

"Race cars were not valuable in those days," says Kizer. "Not like today. Why, we found the 1914 Duesenberg that Eddie Rickenbacker had driven—found it right here in Indiana—and we only paid \$750 for it. We could just about set our own price then. It's not like that today, I'll tell you," he added.

The Hall of Fame today has 23 of the 61 winners and two more awaiting restoration downstairs. In fact, it has about all of the early

ones that are available. What happened to the rest? Well, some were destroyed by fires, some simply were demolished on race tracks and a few probably rusted away in junkyards or out behind old garages.

One fire was particularly devastating to historic race cars. J. Alex Sloane had a dozen vintage cars stored in an old garage in Joliet, Illinois—a garage where they had worked on race cars for many years, and where the grease had soaked down into the dirt floor about four inches. When the fire broke out it burned with such intensity that firemen could not get close enough to salvage any of the cars. Lost were the Blitzen Benz, a Barney Oldfield car, the Simplex Zip and 15 other priceless racers.

The Sloane cars were significant to racing because he had been one of two early promoters, providing racing for the entire country on outlaw dirt tracks Sloane operated from Chicago west and Bill Pickens in the East.



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WE'RE EASY TO REMEMBER.



A. Louis Chevrolet in his 1909 Buick. B. Barney Oldfield in a 1914 Stutz. C. Start of the 1911 Indianapolis 500. D. Louis Diebrow raced from 1911-1914. E. Ralph DePalma in an 8-cylinder Miller, 1925. F. Tommy Milton won the 1923 Indy 500 in the HCS Special with an average 90.90 mph. G. Jules Ellingboe raced from 1921-1927.

These men and their cars were the stars of the early racing scene.

These men started in racing in 1907 and practically all of the early drivers, at one time or another, raced for them. Sloane brought up such drivers as Louis Diebrow, Tommy Milton, Jules Ellingboe and Joe Jagersberger. He personally provided the race cars and took them all over the Midwest and West, mostly to state and country fairs. He had two teams of about ten cars each, one team at one fair and one at another, taking on, and almost always beating, the local hot shots.

The races were a big feature at the fairs and were run on a "you win today and somebody else will win tomorrow" plan. That is the way racing was before World War I on outlaw dirt tracks. But the crowds never suspected, because the drivers could put on a good "show." They didn't drive any faster than they had to, but they could make the cars slide in turns and even on the straights, and they bumped each other and shook their fists. And the crowds loved it.

There were wrecks, often caused by the locals,

who either weren't programmed or weren't capable of running with the pros. And there was a lot of dust.

Pickens already had the big names—names like Louis Chevrolet and Barney Oldfield and Ralph DePalma—so he had the built-in appeal for his circus-type posters, right from the beginning. Sloane started with unknowns and had to create his heroes. But he created good ones.

"That's why the Sloane garage fire was such a loss to us," says Kizer. "He was Chapter One in American racing history."

But what about the cars that are in the Hall of Fame? Every type of Indianapolis racing car is there; every kind of engine. Represented is the evolution of the Indy racer from the simple 1911 winner to the sleek, winged, complex creations of the current era.

Let's take an excursion through the history of the Indianapolis 500—a living history—stopping briefly at some of the significant cars in the museum:



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GM

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ne fastest
rld will try to
e with it.



Fast on its heels is Monza Spyder. One look at Spyder's aerodynamic design and you'll realize why it's destined to become one of America's favorite road machines.

Yes indeed, it has been an exciting 25 years of men, machines, and memories. But it won't stop here. We at Chevrolet will continue to give you our best performance in automotive design and engineering.

On that you can count.

From the people who know
what performance is all about.

 Chevrolet

A. 1911 Marmion Wasp.
 B. Ray Harroun won the 1911 Indy 500 in the Marmion Wasp with an average 74.50 mph.
 C. Teddy Tetzlaff in his 1912 Fiat. D. Joe Dawson winning the 1912 Indy 500 in a National with an average 78.72 mph. E. Rene Thomas won the 1914 Indy 500 in this Duesenberg with an average 82.47 mph. F. Eddie Rickenbacker finished 10th in the 1914 Duesenberg. G. 1921-22 Duesenberg. H. 1925 Miller (Junior Eight Special). I. 1928 Miller Special. J. Driver Jimmy Murphy and mechanic Ernie Olson won the 1922 Indy 500 with an average 94.48 mph. K. Louie Meyer won the 1928 Indy 500 with an average 99.482 mph.



The Wasp was a common sight on the Indy 500 for many years.

1911 Marmion Wasp Ray Harroun's yellow-and-black car had three distinctions: It had a long, pointed tail section; it was the only single seater car, and it had a new-fangled device that allowed the driver to see in back of him. In fact, the other drivers with riding mechanics on board raised such a fuss because "he can't see other cars overtaking him," that Harroun up and invented the rear-vision mirror. The Wasp was to resemble every winner for years to come—a big, tall, stripped-down version of the passenger car of its day.

1921-22 Duesenberg It was a bright day for the Duesenberg brothers in May, 1922 as they placed eight cars in the first ten, but it was particularly significant that the Jimmy Murphy Duesy was the winner because it was only one of three with a Miller engine, the power plant that was to completely overshadow all others until the late 30s. Murphy had taken the car to Europe in 1921 and had won the French Grand Prix. He was

so impressed that he bought the car, took it to California and had Harry Miller install one of his eight cylinder engines.

1925 Miller (Junior Eight Special) Not only had race cars become lower and had started to look like race cars by 1925, but they had become more sophisticated. The light blue No. 1 Miller of Dave Lewis was front-wheel-drive and supercharged. It's 121 cubic inch, eight cylinder-engine carried Dave Lewis to a qualifying speed of 109.061 miles per hour and a second-place finish behind Peter DePaolo's Duesenberg. It also ushered in the era of the balloon tire.

1928 Miller Special Louie Meyer won his first of three Indy 500s fifty years ago in the No. 14 supercharged 90.2 cubic inch displacement Miller Twenty-four of the 29 cars that started the race were Miller powered. It was prophetic that Meyers' Miller was the fastest because he was, a few years later, to team up with Dale



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A. 1929 Packard Cable Special. B. Leon Duray in the 1929 Packard Cable Special. C. 1931 Cummins Diesel. D. Driver Dave Evans and mechanic Thane Houser in the Cummins Diesel 1931. E. Driver Fred Frame and mechanic Jerry Housch won the 1932 Indy 500 in the Miller-Hartz Special with an average 104.144 mph. F. 1932 Miller-Hartz Special. G. Pete DePaolo beside his Duesenberg in 1930. H. Driver Louis Schneider and mechanic Jigger Johnson won the 1931 Indy 500 in this Bowes Seal Fast Special with an average 99.629 mph.



A.



B.



C.



D.



E.



F.

1930 Duesenberg
and 1931 Miller-Hartz
Specials were the
most successful
of the 1930s.

Drake to build the Meyer-Drake Offy engine that would replace the Miller as the standard of the Speedway.

1929 Packard Cable Special One of two Millers signed over to driver Leon Duray by Packard Cable Company so that Duray could campaign them in Europe. Renowned designer and builder Ettore Bugatti was so impressed with the Millers that he traded Duray five of his exotic passenger cars for them, just so he could get his hands on the superchargers and magnetos. Duray sold two of the Bugattis in Europe to get money to come home and disposed of the others in the United States.

1931 Cummins Diesel The Cummins entry was not only non-gasoline powered—as its name implied—but was the first car ever to complete the entire 500 miles without a pit stop. Driver Dave Evans started the car 17th and completed the distance in 13th place, not once stopping by the pits for either fuel or tires. The car was later fitted with a top, luggage carrier, lights and

whitewall tires and driven all over Europe, to promote Cummins diesels.

1932 Miller-Hartz Special The car that got the Hall of Fame started. Fred Frame began the race in 27th place. Not since the first Indy 500 had anyone started that far back and won, and perhaps it points as much to the endurance of that particular car as it does the driver. The car had first raced in 1928 and was still around in 1946 when Tony Bettenhausen qualified it. It was the final time the car appeared at Indy, but parts from it were used on cars in several races after that, giving it top claim to the title "Spirit of the 500."

1935 Ford Seven sleek Ford V-8s were prepared by Harry Miller at the request of Edsel Ford and, oddly enough, the No. 43 car of Ted Horn was the most successful, although none of them finished the race. Odd because a Chevrolet—Arthur—was the one who worked out the carburetor problems on that particular car. The cars caused the only known disagree-



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A. 1935 Ford **B.** Driver Ted Horn and mechanic Bob Huckman in their 1935 Ford V-8 **C.** Driver Wilbur Shaw and mechanic Jigger Johnson won the 1937 Indy 500 with an average 113.58 mph **D.** Second place in 1937 went to Ralph Hepburn **E.** Al Miller in the 1938 Gulf Miller (1941) **F.** 1938 Gulf Miller **G.** 1938 Sampson Special **H.** Bob Swanson in the 1939 Sampson Special **I.** In the Maserati, Wilbur Shaw won the 1939 Indianapolis 500 with an average 115.035 mph, and in 1940 with an average 114.227 mph **J.** 1939-40 Maserati.



*They found it was
too late to make
any changes to the
design.*

ment Henry Ford ever had with his son Edsel. Not knowing of the racers, the elder Ford ordered them burned when he saw them at Indy, and apparently that is exactly what happened to all but the four that qualified.

1938 Gulf Miller The most unusual car of its time, the Gulf Miller was not only four-wheel-drive, but rear-engined as well. It is the only car in the museum that won't run. It has a rod through the crankcase, which was often what happened to the car when it was racing. "They used to keep two mechanics building engines just to keep up with the ones they were blowing on the track," says Kizer. The half lay-down engine was all aluminum and when it got hot it seemed to expand in every direction, resulting in a thrown rod about every 25 miles. It could be run in either four-wheel or front- or rear-wheel drive, but was usually run in front-drive only.

1939 Sampson Special This was one of the first cars to forsake the angular look of a dirt track racer for the more rounded appearance—a

more streamlined look—of the Indy cars that were to follow for many years. It was powered by a 16-cylinder engine which was basically two Miller engines geared together. And, if that wasn't enough, it was supercharged to boot. All of which may have caused it to snap the rear axle on the 15th lap.

1939-40 Maserati Wilbur Shaw won both years with this eight-cylinder Italian racer. In the 1939 race Shaw and three-time winner Louie Meyer dueling all afternoon, but Shaw passed Meyer with 17 laps to go and held the lead to win. He was aided by the fact that Meyer shredded a tire and lost a lap. In trying to catch up Meyer hit the wall and was thrown from his car. He was not seriously injured but it caused him to announce his retirement and to get along with the business of building engines. Shaw won the 1940 race with comparative ease and was nearing his third straight victory in the Maserati in 1941 when a wheel collapsed, sending him into the wall on the Southwest turn.



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A. The 1941 Noc-Out Hose Clamp Special currently being restored at the museum.

B. Co-winners Mauri Rose and Floyd Davis drove the Offenhauser-powered car to victory in the 1941 Indy 500 with an average 115.117 mph.

C. The Speedway in 1945, the year Tony Hulman bought it.

D. George Robson won the 1946 Indy 500 with an average 114.829 mph.

E. Mauri Rose won the 1947 Indy 500 with an average 118.338 mph.

F. Duke Nalon's fiery crash in his Novi, 1949.

G. Rex Mays in his Bowers Seal Fast Special 1948.

H. Duke Nalon in his V-8 Novi, 1949.

I. 1949 Novi



1941 Noc-Out Hose Clamp Special
1946 George Robson
1947 Mauri Rose
1948 Rex Mays
1949 Duke Nalon

1941 Noc-Out Hose Clamp Special The Offenhauser-powered racer of Floyd Davis and Mauri Rose ushered in a period of Offy domination that was so total that the powerful four-cylinder engines would win every race but one until 1965. Right now the car sits in the basement with the wrong engine, but it will be restored soon. Rose wanted to drive the car but owner Lou Moore insisted he stick with his Maserati. He did agree that if anything happened to the Maserati that Rose could take over from Davis, so when the Italian car faltered, Rose headed for the pits. Moore called Davis in and Rose took over in 14th place and raced on to victory.

1949 Novi Though unreliable, the V-8 Novi was the crowd pleaser, primarily because it was the loudest car ever to race at Indy. Just to hear a

Novi roar down the straightaway was worth a trip to the Speedway. The car broke the lap record of 130.138 miles per hour by nearly 4 mph in 1946, but went out with mechanical problems during the race. A Novi finished fourth in 1947, third in 1948 and started from the pole in 1949, only to end up in one of the most spectacular fiery crashes in Speedway history: Duke Nalon, who rode through the crash of '49, again put the car on the pole in 1951, but again fell by the wayside during the race. Novi continued to make appearances into the mid 60s, with drivers like Tony Bettenhausen, Jim Hurtubise and Bobby Unser piloting them. Hurtubise qualified one in second place in 1963, but went out of the race with an oil leak. It was the last serious threat by the car, which, as did all of the front-engined cars, gave way to the lighter rear-engined cars.



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A. Johnny Parsons won the 1950 Indy 500 with an average 124.002 mph. The race was stopped after 245 miles because of rain. B. Lee Wallard won in 1951 with an average 126.244 mph. C. Bill Vukovich won in 1953 with an average 126.740 mph, and again in 1954 with an average 130.040 mph. D. Bob Sweikert won in 1955 with an average 128.929 mph. E. The 1953 Fuel Injection Special. F. Paul Russo finished 33rd in this Nov. in 1956. G. Sam Hanks won in 1957 with an average 135.601 mph. H. In 1957, Jimmy Bryan placed 3rd in this Dean Van Lines Special. In 1958, he won in the Belond Special with an average 133.791 mph. I. A. J. Foyt won in 1961 with an average 130.130 mph. J. 1962 Leader Card Special. K. 1957-1958 Belond Special. L. 1963 Agajanian Willard Battery Special. M. Rodger Ward won in 1962 with an average 140.290 mph. N. Parnelli Jones won in 1963 with an average 143.127 mph.



Building a roadster was a lot like building a house. You had to build the foundation first.

1953-54 Fuel Injection Special Most Indy oldtimers still consider Bill Vukovich the best Speedway driver in history. Like Shaw, he came close to winning three consecutive races in the same car. In 1952 he had a comfortable lead with nine laps to go when the steering pin broke, sending him into the wall. But he brought the car back to victory the following two years. In fact, he placed the car on the pole in 1963 in the midst of a blinding rain storm. Vuky's car was a Kurtis-Kraft powered by an Offy, a combination that would dominate the Speedway for the next several years.

The post World War II days were to see the advent of the roadster. This was the first one of the design to win. Roadsters were wider and lower than the old dirt-track-type cars and, to give them greater speed in the turns, the engines were mounted on the left side with the drive shaft tunnelling past the driver's left hip. The driver was seated off center to the right.

1957-58 Belond Special The "sidewinder" with its engine lying almost flat gave this ma-

chine the lowest profile of any racer that had been brought to Indy. Consequently, it had a lower center of gravity and a reduced frontal area, cutting down on wind resistance. Sam Hanks drove it to the winner's circle in 1957 and Jimmy Bryan in 1958. The quick-handling of the Quinn Epperly-built roadster helped Bryan drive through the middle of a first lap crash in '58 that sent nearly a dozen cars spinning.

1962 Leader Card Special Rodger Ward won his second of two Indy 500s in this roadster after trailing Parnelli Jones for much of the race. At the 320-mile mark Jones had led; then his brakes faded and he dropped back in the pack, eventually finishing 7th.

1963 Agajanian Willard Battery Special Parnelli Jones, fondly named this car "Ol' Calhoun." The days of the roadster were numbered but Jones held off an invasion of rear-engined, Ford-powered Lotus race cars to win the 500. The year before Jones had become the first man in Indy history to lap the 2½-mile track at over 150 miles per hour (150.370).



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A. 1963 Lotus-Ford
B. 1964 Sheraton-Thompson Special
C. A. J. Foyt won the 1964 Indy 500 with an average 147.350 mph
D. Jim Clark won in 1965 with an average 150.666 mph
E. A. J. Foyt won in 1967 with an average 151.207 mph
F. Bobby Unser won in 1968 with an average 152.882 mph
G. Mario Andretti won in 1969 with an average 156.967 mph
H. Al Unser won in 1970 with an average 155.740 mph
I. Al Unser won in 1971 with an average 157.735 mph
J. Mark Donohue won in 1972 with an average 162.962 mph
K. Gordon Johncock won in 1973 with an average 159.036 mph
L. Johnny Rutherford won in 1974 with an average 156.589 mph
M. Bobby Unser won in 1975 with an average 149.213 mph. After 435 miles the race was stopped because of rain
N. Johnny Rutherford won in 1976 with an average 146.725 mph
O. A. J. Foyt won in 1977 with an average 161.331 mph



For the first time, a roadster, not a wedge, became the dominant through the final of the Old Miller's.

1963 Lotus Ford The car that started the current trend. From the day in 1963 when Colin Chapman brought the cars over from England it was apparent to even the most die-hard roadster fan that the light, highly-maneuverable, rear-engined cars were the wave of the future. They were quicker in turns and, with newer, wider tires, lap speeds began to soar.

1964 Sheraton-Thompson Special The end of the line for roadsters, which were by then called "dinosaurs." It was to be the last time a front-engined car would win the 500, and it ended the "American look" for racing. Following the 1964 race practically all cars resembled the Grand Prix cars. Foyt was more than four miles an hour slower than Jimmy Clark who had qualified his Lotus on the pole, but he had chosen the heavier, solid-axle roadster because of its durability. It proved to be the proper decision because a series of crashes and broken rear-engined cars and a fire in leader Parnelli Jones' car put Foyt out front at the end. Later, at a test track in Texas, Foyt drove the car to a world's

close circuit speed record of 200.4 miles per hour that stood for several years.

The wings and spoilers were to come later. Foyt, driving a rear-engine car of his own creation won the 1977 race. After the 1978 race, Foyt will donate that Coyote, which enabled him to win a record four Indy 500s, to the museum, completing the transition all the way from the Wasp to the Coyote. So, as you complete your tour of the museum, stop and take one last look. And listen. In the distance you can almost hear the melodic, throaty sound of the old Millers. And, if you cock your head just right and squint a little, you can see the drivers sitting high up there in the cockpits of the roadsters: right up there for everyone to see. And you can hear the roar of the Novi.

The Indianapolis Motor Speedway Foundation has preserved it all for those of us who still miss them. And for our children who might someday be interested in what racing was all about.

By William Neely



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games six consecutive times, a feat accomplished by only two other pitchers—Hall of Famers Warren Spahn and Robin Roberts—in recent baseball history. Jenkins also led the National League in complete games three years, including one season in which he had 30. Says Jenkins, "Leo Durocher used to tell me, 'When I send you out there, you're there for the duration, kid.' We never had much of a bullpen in Chicago, but my mother always told me to finish things I'd started, so I was used to it."

In 1973, his last year with the Cubs, the Jenkins pitching machine threw a man bearing. He gave up a formidable 29 home runs before the All-Star break and was traded to Texas after a 14-16 season. In 1975 Jenkins served up 37 gopher balls in spacious Arlington Stadium. That led to his being traded to Boston and to the rise of the premature reports of his demise.

What those reports failed to mention was that Jenkins has always allowed a lot of home runs. He has led his league in that department six times, including 1971 when he won the Cy Young Award. That is the price he pays for being a precision pitcher—he estimates he can get his bread-and-butter slider in the strike zone 80% of the time, and has averaged only 1.8 walks per nine innings during his career—who won't throw at a batter's head. Or even at his elbow. "I figure if a pitcher wants to go headhunting, he should play hockey instead of baseball," says Jenkins. In the off-season, Jenkins does just that in his hometown of Blenheim, Ontario, and he blames many of his 1975 gopher balls on a broken knuckle sustained while headhunting with a right cross during a hockey brawl.

Jenkins was determined not to knuckle under this year, and Hunter, despite relegating Jenkins to the bullpen in the beginning of the season, sees no reason why Jenkins should. "We knew he could still throw," Hunter says. "He was coming off that heel injury last season. That takes at least a year to heal. The injury would have ended the careers of most guys his age, but he keeps himself in shape. Fergie's got a lot of pitching left in him."

Two years will be enough for Jenkins. "I'd like to win 250 games and end up with at least 100 in each league," he says. He needs 32 more American League vic-

tories to join Young, Bunning and Perry in the 100-100 club. "And I want to get some more strikeouts. They're important," Jenkins, who whiffed 13 batters in his two games last week to run his career total to 2,480, should move into the Top Ten this year, passing Don Drysdale, Christy Mathewson, Bob Feller and Spahn. "And if a pennant winner is in the cards, it's in the cards," he says. "I've been around long enough to know there are a lot of great players who never played on one." Jenkins is referring in particular to his old Cub teammates, Ernie Banks, Ron Santo and Billy Williams.

As it was with the Cubs, Texas' main shortcoming is its bullpen. With a four-run lead after eight innings against Milwaukee, Jenkins asked Hunter to relieve him because he felt his back stiffening up. Hunter brought in Len Barker, a 22-year-old righthander who is about the closest the Rangers have to an ace shortman. Barker gave up two runs on no hits before Cleveland came in to get the potential tying run on a fly ball to the warning track in rightfield. Afterward, Hunter nodded sagaciously and said, "I'll bet Fergie finishes the next one." He could almost depend on it.

THE WEEK

(May 14-20)

by **HERNAN WEISKOPF**

AL EAST Playing as if they had taken a miracle cure, a passel of aching, ailing or aging major-leaguers joined Ferguson Jenkins of Texas in demonstrating their revitalization. No one waited as long between victories as David Clyde of Cleveland (3-4). It was in 1973 that Clyde came out of high school to make a spectacular debut for Texas. But his fortunes nosedived thereafter. After repeatedly being culled around, being sent to the minors, undergoing shoulder surgery and being traded, Clyde returned to the majors with the Indians. Clyde's first triumph in four years and one day was a four-hit 3-2 verdict over Oakland in which he struck out eight and did not allow a ball out of the infield for six innings. Sid Monge, who had pitched just five innings all season, gave up one hit in 6½ innings of relief to defeat New York 5-4.

Helping Detroit (5-2) to return to first place were Pitchers Bob Sykes, John Hiller,

Jack Billingham and Jim Slaton, and Catcher Milt May. Sykes, who started the season in the minors, boosted his record to 3-0 by whitewashing Oakland 15-0 with his second straight four-hitter and by beating Boston 7-5. Locking up that win was Hiller, 8-14 last year, who yielded only one run in 9½ innings of relief as he earned his third and fourth saves. Hiller's other save wrapped up a 5-3 victory in Milwaukee for Billingham (4-1), who was 10-10 with Cincinnati last season. Also running his record to 4-1 was Slaton, a 14-game loser with Milwaukee in 1977, who stopped Seattle on five hits May (249, 12 home runs, 46 RBIs last season) swatted three homers, drove in seven runs and boosted his average to .338. Adding to the assault—the Tigers batted .338 and slugged 13 homers—was Jason Thompson, who hit three round-trippers and had eight RBIs.

Two sore-armed players enabled Boston (3-2) to stay within percentage points of Detroit. Bill Campbell, pitching for the first time since April 30, tossed three innings of scoreless relief as the Red Sox overhauled the Tigers 6-5. Providing the game-winning hit in that game was Butch Hobson, who got a cortisone shot for his ailing arm.

Giving New York (4-3) a lift was seldom-used Ken Holtzman, who beat Chicago 8-3 for his first victory. After being benched for lackadaisical play, Centerfielder Mickey Rivers was forced back into action when Roy White pulled a hamstring. Rivers' seventh-inning triple drove in the go-ahead run as the Yankees bashwhacked the Indians 5-3. Keeping the offense churning were Chris Chambliss, who hit .393 and had 12 RBIs, and Lou Piniella, who batted .423, drove in nine runs and elevated his average to .365.

Having shelved plans for a pro golf career, Shortstop Robin Yount returned to the Milwaukee (5-3) lineup and hit .409.

Baltimore (3-3) averted a drop into the cellar by keeping Toronto there with a 5-3 decision in which Doug DeCinces slammed two home runs Jim Palmer, winless in four previous outings, stopped Cleveland 2-1 with relief help from Dan Stanhouse, who notched his seventh save. Stanhouse earlier saved a 3-2 win in Texas by working out of a bases-loaded, none-on-a-jam in the ninth.

Assorted comebacks gave Toronto (3-2) its second straight winning week. A nine-run seventh, the biggest-ever inning for the Blue Jays, turned a 6-1 deficit into a 10-6 win over the Angels. Toronto again rallied past California 5-4 on Dave McKay's RBI triple and Omo Velez' eighth-inning double. Dave Lemanczyk, who was 0-7, struggled to his first win as the Blue Jays outlasted the Yankees 10-8.

**DET 22-11 BOS 24-13 NY 21-14 CLEV 17-18
ML 17-19 BAL 15-20 TOR 14-21**

continued

AL WEST It was difficult to top the comeback of reliever Mike Marshall, who got a contract with Minnesota (4-2) only because the Twins players fussed and fumed when owner Calvin Griffith at first refused to sign him. Marshall, who had been at home in Michigan since being cut by the Rangers last June, quickly got two saves and a win as he yielded only one hit in 5½ innings. His win came when Willie Norwood blasted a three-run homer to beat Baltimore 9-6. Dave Goltz, a 20-game winner last season, finally picked up his first victory, stopping Baltimore 8-1. The Twins, who hit only 12 home runs in their first 32 games, walked 10 last week. On top of that, Rod Carew batted .500 and Butch Wynegar .444.

Joe Coleman, who won four games in 1977, and Elías Sosa, who had just one save last season, teamed up as first-place Oakland (2-3) nipped Cleveland 3-2. The victory went to Coleman, making him 3-0, while Sosa chalked up his sixth save.

California (3-4) moved to within 1½ games of Oakland as Frank Tanana won twice and Don Baylor grand-slammed Chicago into submission 9-5. Relying on off-speed pitches, because the shoulder that bothered him last year is still not sound, Tanana (7-1) defeated Cleveland 4-3 and Milwaukee 7-1.

Emerging from a 216 slump was rookie Clint Hurdle of Kansas City (3-3). Hurdle had five doubles and six RBIs and hit .381. Another rookie, Rich Gale, improved his record to 4-0 as he throttled Boston 3-1 on two singles and, with relief help from Al Hrabosky, beat Minnesota 6-3. Amos Otis batted .474 and polished off the Yankees 10-9 with a ninth-inning double. Dennis Leonard, though, lost for the sixth time in his last seven starts as he continued to give up home runs. At his pace, Leonard, who has been tagged for 13 homers, will yield 60, far surpassing Robin Roberts' major league mark of 46.

Bobby Bonds, who had homered only twice for Chicago, was traded to Texas (4-4) for, essentially, Claudell Washington. Making himself right at home, Bonds promptly hit two homers for the Rangers. Three Rangers recorded seasonal firsts during a 4-2 win in Seattle: Doc Medich (a win), Paul Lindblad (a save) and Juan Beniquez (a homer). For the week, Beniquez drove in eight runs, and Jim Sundberg batted .394 and stretched his hitting streak to 20 games.

Washington, upset about being traded, did not join the White Sox (2-5) for four days. When he arrived, Washington said, "I overslept." Wide awake were Jorge Orta, who drove in three runs as Chicago trimmed California 9-6, and Eric Soderholm, who had three RBIs in a 6-2 win in Oakland.

Leon Roberts of Seattle (2-3) missed a squeeze-bunt sign, swung away and singled across the decaying run in the last of the ninth to down Texas 6-5. Centerfielder Ruppert Jones tied a major league record with 12 put-

outs in one game, four on dazzling catches. One ball Jones could not catch was a homer to rightfield by Lance Parrish to the 16th inning that gave the Tigers a 4-2 win.

OAK 23-14 CAL 21-15 KC 19-16 TEX 18-17
MINN 14-24 SEA 14-26 CHI 11-22

NL EAST Several National League players have also suddenly perked up. Tim McCarver, Dave Johnson, Jay Johnstone and Jerry Martin of Philadelphia (3-4), who had a total of 20 hits all season, came through with 15 last week. McCarver had six hits in nine at bats, four as the Phillies dumped the Mets 9-4. Johnson broke a 4-4 tie in that game with a two-run pinch single in the 11th. In his first game while subbing for slumping Greg Luzinski, Johnstone banged out four hits, and the Phillies beat the Astros 6-5 as Martin walked a three-run pinch homer in the ninth.

Chicago (3-2) moved into second place, thanks largely to Dave Kingman's offensive surge. Kingman, who started the week with a .221 average, four homers and 10 RBIs, batted .368, hit five home runs and drove in 13 runs. He wrecked the Dodgers 10-7 with eight RBIs, the first three in the 15th inning with his third four-bagger of the game.

Another awakening slugger was Willie Stargell of Pittsburgh (3-3), who began the week with two homers, eight RBIs and a .194 average. Displaying his oldtime muscle, Stargell drilled four homers, had nine RBIs and hit .350. While Bert Blyleven was muzzling the Expos 6-0 on three hits, Stargell unloaded two homers, one a prodigious drive of some 570 feet. Rookie Don Robinson (4-1) beat the Padres 1-0 on a four-bitter and the Expos 5-3. In 58 innings the 20-year-old righthander has struck out 35 and walked only nine.

It was not the fault of Montreal (1-5) relievers that the team sagged; they ran their string of useless innings to 31 with 26 zeroes last week. At fault were the Expo starters, who were tagged for eight homers, and the batters, who hit .216. Montreal's Warren Cromartie and Elton Valentine each cut down runners at the plate, and Cromartie and Andre Dawson threw out runners at second and third, giving the Expo outfielders four assists and 18 for the season; last season they combined for 28 assists total. The Expos' sole win came on a wild pitch in the 11th by Cincinnati's Dale Murray, which put Montreal on top 5-4.

Three days later, Murray, who had been traded to the Mets (3-2) for Outfielder Ken Henderson, unleashed another wild pitch in a 9-4 loss to the Phillies. Lenny Randle, mired in a .183 slump, batted .300. With Randle scoring five times, the Mets topped the Braves 8-7. By scoring four runs off Phillie reliever Tug McGraw, their first against their former teammate since May 1976, the Mets won 4-3.

Hoping to beat the Cardinals (0-7) luck, Pitchers Eric Rasmussen and Pete Vockovich

shaved off their beards. It was no go avail. The Cardinals ran their winless streak to nine and fell into last place. The principal offender was reliever Mark Littell, who lost both ends of a doubleheader in San Francisco for his second and third losses in two days.

PHIL 15-15 CHI 18-17 MONT 18-18
PITT 16-19 NY 17-22 STL 14-24

NL WEST Manager Sparky Anderson had two major concerns as the week began: Tom Seaver's 1-4 record and 5.79 ERA, and the inability of his Reds (4-2) to hit with men in scoring position. Seaver, Ken Griffey and George Foster quickly removed the furrows from Sparky's brow. Using "more curves, more sliders," Seaver returned to form with a 5-1, 13-strikeout effort in Montreal. Griffey batted .444, and Foster hit .435 and had 10 RBIs and three game-winning hits. Doug Bair, who has given up only one earned run in 25½ innings of relief, got his fifth save.

Putting his own mind at ease was Tommy John of Los Angeles (4-2). Ten days after the

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

J. R. RICHARD: Back-to-back shutouts were hurled by the 6'8" Houston righthander, who struck out 17 batters and allowed only six singles while blanking Philadelphia 5-0 on two hits and then Atlanta 13-0 on four hits.

Pirates stole eight bases on him, John stifled the Bucs 10-1 on four hits, did not allow a theft and picked a runner off first. Reggie Smith, with both legs and one Achilles tendon taped, batted .393. With the Dodger Stadium message board flashing REGGIE REGGIE REGGIE, Smith doubled in the ninth to knock off Pittsburgh 7-6. Lee Lacy set a major league record with his third straight pinch homer. To solidify their outfield, the Dodgers dealt Glenn Burke to the A's for Bill Norwood.

An even bigger trade, or trades, may be made by the Padres (3-3), who placed highly-salaried Ozzie Gamble, George Hendrick and Gene Tenace on waivers to see who might make a deal. Rookie Ozzie Smith continued to make so many scrumming plays in the field that Reds scout Ray Shore labeled him the finest shortstop he has ever seen.

Houston (5-1) climbed above .500 for the first time. Floyd Bannister hurled 2½ innings of scoreless relief as the Astros beat the Phillies 6-1 and blanked the Braves 6-0. Jose Cruz equaled a club mark with six RBIs as Houston swamped Atlanta 13-0.

Atlanta (2-4) salvaged a pair of 2-1 victories. Dick Ruthven held off the Expos, and Phil Nietro limited the Mets to four hits.

SF 23-13 CIN 23-15 LA 22-15
HOUS 18-17 SD 16-20 ATL 13-22



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HE'S BATTING 1.000 ON THE 500

If you are a devotee of *Indy 500* lore, chances are you're aware that Gordon Johncock ate dinner at a Burger Chef the night after he won the 1973 race. And that bandleader Spike Jones sponsored a car in the 1946 classic. And that Frank Farmer finished 21st in 1930. What you probably do not know is that in 1925 Pete DePaolo took his victory repast at Rosner's Drug Store. Or that the real name of Leon Duray, who sat on the pole in 1925 and 1928, was George Stewart, though some history books have it as James Stewart. Or that in the first 500 in 1911, Art Greiner finished last after crashing on the 13th lap—an accident that trifled on the life of his riding mechanic.

Of course, you could look these things up, but if you happened to have been anywhere within 75 miles of Indianapolis this month you didn't really have to, because Donald Davidson would gladly have told you all of the above wonderfully trivial facts about the 500, plus several thousand more. A retiring wisp of a fellow, Davidson, 35, is by day the United States Auto Club statistician. He figures race results, prepares entry forms, calculates prize moneys and co-edits the USAC yearbook. By night, at least during the month preceding the 500, Davidson dispenses his knowledge over Indianapolis radio station WIBC as the featured guest of one of Indiana's most popular deejays, Chuck Riley.

Riley's show, which runs four hours Mondays through Fridays beginning at 3 p.m., has a name—*The Life of Riley*, catch. The Davidson segment, which live for 50 minutes beginning at 6:10, does not. In the eight years that Davidson has been astounding Midwestern audiences with his 500 minutiae—working without notes—he and Riley have not come up with a suitable handle.

It is equally difficult to come up with a good reason why Davidson came to acquire his vast knowledge of the 500, especially considering that he grew up in England and didn't see the race until he was 21.

A teen-ager in the late 1930s, Davidson had an English schoolboy's interest in the British racing heroes of that era—Stirling Moss, Peter Collins, Mike Hawthorn and the like. Although the 500 was all but ignored by the English press at that time, Davidson had an even deeper curiosity about the strange

and awesome spectacle held each May in the American heartland. "I think I was especially fascinated by the names of Indianapolis," he says. "The strange names of the cars as well as the names of the drivers."

Though he does not lay claim to a photographic memory, Davidson easily memorized the finishing positions of the cars and drivers in every 500, and then began committing to memory more arcane facts. By 1964, his head fairly stuffed with trivia, he came over to see the great American motor sports show firsthand.

Davidson arrived at the Brickyard at 4 p.m. on a Friday, and soon found himself in the Gasoline Alley garage of mechanic A. J. Watson, where for the next six hours he held court as a score of drivers waited in to challenge him on long-forgotten facts about their own Indianapolis careers and those of their absent colleagues. Davidson had them all shaking their heads in amazement.

Paul Bost? Drove the Empire State Special in 1931. Finished 31st. Harry McQuinn? He was at the wheel of the Hollywood Pay Day Special in 1940. Larry Crockett? Drove the Federal Engineering, Detroit Special in 1954, finished ninth and was named Rookie of the Year. His mechanic was named Russ Snowberger.

Davidson returned to England after the 1964 race, but came back the next year to stay. Sid Collins, the late Voice of the 500, picked his brain on the race-day radio broadcast that May, and USAC hired him on the spot.

Davidson first appeared on *The Life of Riley* in 1971. His loosely knit 50 minutes have gone through several format changes, but the core has remained constant: challenging questions called in by listeners hoping to catch Davidson in an error. Many try but few succeed, though sometimes an easy-sounding query such as, "What drivers have led every 500 they've entered?" or, "Who finished 11th,



DAVIDSON: AN ENGLISHMAN WITH AN AMERICAN MANIA

27th and 11th in consecutive races?" gives him pause.

Davidson is in heavy demand as an after-dinner speaker, and when he is not at home with his wife and three kids about a mile from the Speedway, he takes on as many engagements as possible.

On these occasions, as on radio, Davidson's best moments are those in which he takes a simple question and turns with it deeper and deeper into the bowels of trivia. A recent call-in about riding mechanics elicited a marvelous tale about the poor fellow who in 1933 heard nature's call and answered it—in the middle of the third turn. An innocuous question about the 1913 race led Davidson to expound on Jules Goux of France, the winner, who put down a pint of champagne at each of his six pit stops and a seventh in Victory Lane. A caller who wanted to know about Dick Rathman learned that, despite the difference in spellings, he is Jim Rathman's brother. The caller also found out that Dick's given name is James, while Jim's given name is Richard.

That obviously requires an explanation, which you are not going to get here. But if you are in the vicinity of Indianapolis in the next few days and turn your radio dial to 1070, there's a good chance you will find out everything you could want to know about the Rathman-Rathmans and a lot of other racers who will be or have been in the 500. **END**

WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

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What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an aperture-priority camera. It lets you set the lens opening, while it sets the

shutter speed automatically.

Thus way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a shutter-priority camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it's the world's only 35mm SLR with both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control.

The XD-11 is so advanced that during

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Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

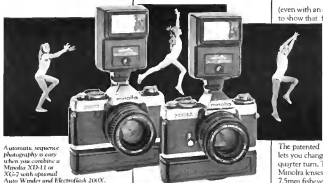
In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the Minolta XD-11, the most advanced camera in the world. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.





Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR. For ease, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most

unusual the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation. Are extra features important? If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get multiple exposures with pushbuttons, ease



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Simons says: play faster

And hurry up Jim did, to clinch Nicklaus' Memorial with a hairy putt on the last hole. What the tournament needs now is parking lots that will not turn into gumbo

When we left young Jim Simons on the PGA Tour a few weeks ago he was playing golf so slowly that the fairway grass kept nodding off. A survey confirmed what his fellow pros already knew: he was one of the slowest players around. So Simons decided to do something about it. He was going to force himself to play faster, whatever it took, even if it meant breaking into a jog before his tee shot came down out of the sky. And last week in the rain-drenched Ohio countryside, Jim Simons furnished proof that speed is the answer to more things than a hippie's well-being.

Simons thought himself up a variety of fast-playing gimmicks, not all of them in line with the game's etiquette, but effective nonetheless. And then he played the finest golf of his life on one of the toughest courses this side of a car wreck.

The result was not only a lot of grateful thank-yous from his fellow pros, but also a dramatic victory in the third annual Memorial Tournament at Dublin, Ohio, a suburb of Columbus, an event Jack Nicklaus hopes to build into something spoken of in the same reverent tones as the game's four major championships, the U.S. and British Opens, the Masters and the PGA.

To win, Simons had to play rounds of 68-69-73-74, which added up to a four-under total of 284, as well as overcome several formidable obstacles in Sunday's final round. The first of these was the Muirfield Village course, still evil despite being slowed down by the rain. Next, Simons was paired with the tournament's awesome founder and the layout's designer, who was, of course, Nicklaus. Finally, he had to make a par 4 on the

very last hole, knowing that Bill Kratzert, another of the game's fine young competitors, had already finished with a 285 and was poised for a sudden-death playoff.

What Simons did was what most golfers do who win tournaments. He made putts. Lots of them. Many of them for necessary pars. And while he did, he was treated to some weird doings on the part of Nicklaus. Jack making a triple bogey on a par-3 hole by hitting pitch shots that traveled six and seven feet at a time. Jack making a double bogey at the 17th hole just when it seemed that he was getting ready to win his own tournament again because it is the Jim Simonses of the world who usually fall apart. Not this time. Nicklaus doubled by hitting a poor drive, a poor bunker shot, a poor pitch and poor chap while Simons recovered from a horrid drive, as he had done so many times earlier in the week, by dropping a rugged 12-foot putt for a par. Same old thing on the 18th. Poor drive. Poor bunker shot. So-so pitch. But then a routine 20-footer in the throat for a par and the \$50,000 first prize, which left Kratzert dazed.

All in all, however, the 28-year-old Simons won the Memorial by speeding up his shortmaking. One of the things he did was to step outside the gallery ropes after hitting his tee shot and start skipping toward his ball before the others in his pairing finished driving. He would hit-and-run on his second shots as well. Then, on the greens, Simons marked his ball with a 50¢ piece, the better for him to go about the process of lining up his putts from a distance while his partners were taking their turns. Heretofore, Simons had been one of those players who do all of their figuring and fidgeting only after it is their time to play.

"Nobody's complaining about my etiquette," he said at the Memorial. "They like it. I guess I was even slower than I knew I was."

Simons was more or less in control of the Memorial from the beginning, although his 68 was one shot off the first-round lead shared by Nicklaus and Gary Player. When he added a 69 on Friday, his 137 total gave him a two-stroke lead on the field. The 73 he shot on Saturday left him one stroke ahead of Kratzert at 210, but his total of six under par for the

To get around the course more speedily, Simons would race toward his ball as soon as he hit his drive



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GOLF continued

first 54 holes was an amazing statistic to those who recognized how difficult a course Jack has built. Two things were responsible for Simons' low score—the weather and Simons' putter.

In many ways it was a golf tournament that you could have watched on a weather radar screen. The third annual Memorial News, Weather and Sports Invitational. It had rained almost steadily around Columbus for 2½ weeks before the tournament started, and weather and playing conditions occupied much of the conversation and activity all four days. Also parking conditions. Somewhere along the way Nicklaus and his friends and business associates came to realize that with all of the planning that had gone into Muirfield Village and the very classy event, nobody had ever given enough thought to where the vast hordes of spectators might put their cars if it rained enough to turn the fields in the Muirfield Village complex into gumbo.

Nicklaus' plan is laid out in a way that spectators must be ferried to the golf course even when the ground is dry and they can park in the fields. Last week, the rain eliminated parking in the fields.

So a wonderful variety of alternate parking areas came into being, the Columbus Zoo, the Dublin Drive-In Theater and various company lots. None of them was close to Muirfield, and the situation was not helped by traffic cops who took delight in directing every vehicle, regardless of what sticker was on its windshield, toward Cleveland or perhaps East Germany. Also, some misunderstandings developed. At one point, an elderly couple parked at the zoo and boarded a bus that they thought would take them to the lions and tigers. It took them to the tournament instead, where the old gentleman said something like, "Ten dollars each! To see a monkey!" At the drive-in theater, the lines of people waiting for buses to take them the five miles to the course were agonizingly long.

Despite all of this, the Columbus fans endured and turned out in record numbers. They were there when it was damp and muggy, there when it was windy, and they were there on Sunday when it became football weather—mostly gray, breezy and cold. Still, Nicklaus knew he had a problem for future tournaments. Like finding some land closer to the premises, draining it and paving it so that automobiles can be ac-

commodated regardless of the weather.

As for the course, it more than held its own, even though the players were allowed to improve their lies the first two rounds, or play the game "hands on," as they say, which is possibly the worst new expression in golf. The result was more sub-par rounds than ever, and fewer rounds in the 80s. One of the reasons was that the soft fairways kept a lot of drives from bouncing into trouble. If you got a one-yard roll with a driver, you were lucky. You almost had to "carry" the ball into trouble. But the Muirfield course is so splendid an architectural achievement that there is plenty of golf left after the tee shot. Irons must be exact to avoid bunkers, water, trees and dangerous putts. For example, after the second round, Roger Maltbie, who won the Memorial in 1976, its inaugural year, came into the locker room and said, "I'll tell you why this is some golf course. I just played 18 holes improving my lie, never hit a bad shot and what is added up to was 76."

Nicklaus wants terribly for the Memorial to become a "major championship." The tournament certainly has the course, the atmosphere and annually a good enough field for it to qualify as such. The only question is whether the golf world needs another major. If it does, then the race is essentially between the Memorial and the Tournament Players Championship, and right now the TPC has the edge, being a "designated" event—meaning that everybody has to show up. Last week the Memorial was without Lee Trevino and Lanny Wadkins, the PGA champion. Both had reasons for being absent, but players of their stature don't skip a major. Thus, Jack probably has some public relations work ahead of him as well as a need to solve the parking problem.

On this subject, Gary Player had a thought. "Golf will never have a fifth major," he said. "You can't start up a major today that Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Ben Hogan and Gene Sarazen never had a chance to win."

A brutal course won the first two Memorials, and weather teamed with Jim Simons to win the third. Each year the tournament has honored a golfing great: Jones, Hagen, Francis Ouimet. Instead of Sarazen for 1979, how about Benjam Ben Shultz, or whatever his name was, who drove the most buses from the driveway to the course?

END



So what's the Motta?

Nothing. The Bulls' coach is—for him—serene as the NBA finals open

In the tumult at Capital Centre after underdog Washington had knocked Philadelphia out of the NBA playoffs, you could see a man letting himself go at midcourt, spinning around, beaming, thrusting his fists in the air, oblivious of the swarm of people around him. This dervish in mufti was Dick Motta, coach of the Bulls. His players had bolted for the serenity of the locker room, but not Motta. He was savoring the moment, celebrating it as enthusiastically as any Washington fan.

And why not? In 10 years Motta has won more games than any coach in NBA history except the renowned Reds, Auerbach and Holzman, but he had never made it to the playoff finals. Now, at age 46, he finally had a shot at coaching an NBA championship team. Surely, as he exulted at midcourt in Landover, Md., he was enjoying the greatest moment of his career.

But last week, before flying to Seattle where his Bulls would blow a big lead and lose the first game against the Sonics 105-102, Motta said that winning the NBA East would not go right to the top of money lane. "My last year coaching at Grace Senior High in Grace, Idaho," he said, "we won the southern championship and had a week off before playing Polatch for the state championship. That whole week was the greatest time of my life. Pep rallies every day, team lunches—it was great. Then we went up to Pocatello and won the thing."

Motta is an anomaly among coaches. He says he is not even sure that beating Seattle for the NBA championship would displace the Idaho memory. He means it. For all the blood he has spilled in the NBA, Motta is still a seventh-grade teacher and high school coach at heart.

When Chicago Bull General Manager Dick Klein plucked him off the campus of Weber State in 1968, Motta had experienced little of the world. He had grown up in Utah, the son of a poor immigrant Italian truck farmer and a Mormon mother, and had never attended a pro game. He hardly knew what to expect at his first Chicago press conference, least of all the line questioning took:

"Where'd you coach before?"

"Weber State."

"Where's that?"

"Utah."

"You a Mormon?"

"Yes."

"How many blacks you coached?"

It was the first time Motta had ever considered that there might be a conflict between the doctrine of his church and his chosen profession.

Motta quickly whipped the Bulls into one of the NBA's best teams, one known for its pugnacious defense and snail-like offense, and for that reason, how well he could relate to black players did not become a major issue at the time. Motta also made a name for himself as one of the league's most pyrotechnic referee busters, a favorite target being the theatrical Mendeny Rudolph. The Bulls won 50 or more games in each of four straight seasons, 1971-74, but never won their division, because Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and the Milwaukee Bucks were usually winning more than 60 games. Nor did the Bulls ever go far in the playoffs, because they always seemed to meet Wilt Chamberlain and the Lakers in an early round.

In 1975 the Bulls did win their division and got to the Western Conference finals, where they lost to Golden State. But the very next season the Bulls came down around Motta even more quickly than he had built them up. In his capacity as Director of Player Personnel, Motta found himself in a money squeeze between his players and tightfisted owner Arthur Wirtz. As a result, suddenly Motta was bitterly denouncing players he had been close to. He called the Bulls "a circus of sickness," and, in 1976, after a dismal 24-58 season, he broke his contract, forfeiting a lucrative lifetime insurance policy.

At the same time, in Washington, K. C. Jones was taking the fall for the playoff failures of the Bulls, which, with Elvin Hayes, Wes Unseld, Dave Bing and Phil Chenier, were one of the first All-Rach superstar teams. "What we needed was an iron hand," said Unseld last week. They got just that in Motta.

Hayes immediately said he would rather quit than play for Motta. On the first day of training camp before the '76-'77 season, Motta flung down the gauntlet. "Do it my way," he said, "or get out."

"Everyone was wondering if 'E' was going to move from that little 'x' he had painted on the floor—you know, left of the key, where he always stands and waits for the ball," says one Bull. "E wanted to do it his way." The situation became something of an impasse, with Hayes rarely budging from his "x" and Motta

continued

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alternately cajoling and threatening him.

On the floor that season, Motta was his stern self. Away from it he tried to cope with his insecurities. "I had stepped into their living room," he says. "All year I never knew if they were responding to me or not." The Bullets finished 48-34, but lost to Houston in the second round of the playoffs. Motta was booed. "I had replaced a black coach in a black town," he says. And he had made some unpopular moves, trading away Truck Robinson and Nick Weatherspoon and relegating Bing to the fourth guard spot. Bing shouted "racist" loud and clear.

That was last year. Somehow this season the Bullets sorted themselves out. Bing retired—at least long enough to get away from Washington. Motta and Hayes compromised enough so that the Big E played better than ever. The Bullets made the playoffs and eliminated first Atlanta and then favored San Antonio before they sent Motta into his dance by snuffing Philadelphia. Bob Dandridge came from the Bucks (as a free agent) to solve the Bullets' small-forward problem. Kevin Grevey was converted from a useless small forward into a first-rate big guard who is doing more for the team than the injured Chmier did, and in January free agent Charles Johnson joined the team to provide leadership and an occasional hot hand. Motta is calm, as referees have noted.

Motta knows that his critics will surely surface again, and that his livelihood depends as much on luck and the whims of a fickle owner as it does on ability. "I lost 27% of my peers this season," he says, meaning the six NBA coaches that were fired. And six of the last 10 Coaches of the Year—he was accorded the honor in 1971—have either been kicked upstairs or out the door.

Dick Motta is an intensely proud little man, and will remain so, no matter what the outcome against Seattle. He likes to tell of his first year of coaching at Grace Senior High, when he cut five players for drinking. The act infuriated the townspeople. The only barbershop discouraged his continued custom and he had to drive 10 miles to Soda Springs for his haircuts. "Two years later we win the state," he says, "and the first guy in the locker room is that barber, offering me his hand."

Did Motta accept it?

"I told him to get the hell out," says Motta.

END

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The Huskies—and pick one

Coast-to-coast action established that Washington was No. 1 in the West and in the nation, with the East a shambles. The Elts beat Harvard but lost to Dartmouth

A group of Washington oarsmen stood in front of a TV set last Saturday following the Pac 8 rowing championships in Seattle, cheering as they watched Affirmed win the Preakness. They were as excited about that as they had been all day, which seemed odd, because they had just beaten California in a thrilling race, the Huskies' 24th win in 27 meetings with their archrivals over the past 11 years and a victory that capped their first undefeated season since back in 1973. The reason for the comparative lack of exuberance over their own triumph, as stroke oar Mike Hess said, was that "We were expected to win."

Crew will never challenge the Preakness for network time, which in this case is in some ways unfortunate. Had the media paid a little more attention to rowing earlier in the day, Hess might have been less excited by the horse race and more by Washington's rowing feat. A few thousand miles east of Seattle, on Lake Onondaga in Syracuse that morning, Dartmouth had beaten Yale in the second biggest surprise of the 1978 collegiate rowing season. And that left Washington the only undefeated college crew in the country.

Once, Dartmouth over Yale would have drawn a ho and a hum. But that was before 1978, the season of Washington's dominance in the West and chaos in the East. The story is complicated, and full of unexpected twists and turns. Early in April, Harvard, perennially a rowing colossus, had come West and finished fourth at San Diego in a race won by Washington. But because of the tough winter, the Crimson had trained hardly at all, and they went on to leave Syracuse, Brown, Princeton and Penn in their wakes, seemingly the Harvard of old. As always, the Crimson were peaking for the big one, the Eastern Sprints of two weeks ago, at which they were looking for their fifth straight victory. Fourteen other crews were waiting on Lake Quinsigamond at Worcester, Mass.; second place would be a prize for any of them. Harvard, of course, was in the six-boat finals. But so was Yale, making it that far for only the second time in its last 10 tries.

When the race was 20 strokes old, Yale was even with Syracuse and ahead of everyone else. At 400 meters the Yale boat had five seats on Harvard, and at 500 meters Eli coxswain Andrew Fisher called,

"Take a concentration 10," a Yale term which means: for 10 strokes clear your mind. Fisher glanced anxiously to starboard, momentarily expecting to catch a glimpse of crimson shirts, but he saw none. At 1,000 meters, a crucial point in the race—Fisher had said, "That's when Harvard blew my freshman boat off the water"—he saw Harvard edging up. "Oh God, here they come," he kept thinking. But they didn't. A sudden gust of wind scudded into the Yale boat, and its rhythm faltered for a moment. Fisher, his eyes flickering sideward, called, "Relax," and at 1,300 meters there was again open water between his stern and Harvard's bow.

The next 90 seconds, Fisher knew, might be worth recalling 50 years from now, if only he could keep his concentration. Yet it was impossible for him not to think of Harvard-Yale—and all that meant—and rowing, the oldest of American intercollegiate sports. The Elts had not beaten the Crimson in a heavyweight race for 15 years.

The stroke watch read 35 at 1,500 meters, Fisher called, "Take it up one," and

at 1,750, "Harvard's coming on, take it to 37." But Harvard was a length back, and then three-quarters back as Yale crossed the finish line. There was some "fierce hugging," as the Yalies put it, in the boat. Few college oarsmen ever felt better about themselves. As Washington was tops in the West, Yale was No. 1 in the East.

The euphoria around New Haven lasted just one week.

Was overconfidence responsible for the disaster that overtook the Elts in Syracuse last weekend?

"I don't think it can be explained," said Yale crew manager Steve Seifert. Dartmouth, which had failed to make the finals of the Eastern Sprints and had beaten only Wisconsin this year, left Yale two lengths behind in the morning race. In the afternoon the Eastern crew season continued true to form. Morning giant killer, Dartmouth, went out against Syracuse and lost. So, you figure out Eastern precedence.

Back in Seattle, the Huskies were attending to business: covering phone receivers with shaving cream, treating vis-

continued

After the Eastern Sprints Yale was king for a week, having taken Harvard for the first time in 15 years



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ROWING continued

itors to their docks to unexpected swims in Lake Washington—"Lake shots," they call it—and winning races: three of the five Pac 8 women's events and all six of the men's that they entered. The Cal race was thrilling because it was so closely contested and because it could be watched from the two best places in the world to view a crew race, a bridge spanning the 200-foot-wide Montlake Cut 70 feet above the 1,700-meter mark, and from the Cut's high banks.

The shells start on Lake Washington against the backdrop of the snow-covered Cascade Mountains 50 miles to the east, and then enter the Cut for the last 750 meters. From the bridge, they appear to be exquisitely wrought toys.

Cal, the lighter crew, got off to its usual fast start, rowing 40 strokes a minute for the first 500 meters. Entering the Cut, at 1,250 meters, Washington was five seats down. Approaching the bridge, with Cal barely ahead, Washington cox John Stillings suddenly seemed to go berserk, calling out, "Sprint now . . . up two . . . open it up . . . pull the cork . . ." all in rapid succession. As the Huskies emerged from under the bridge they had taken the lead, by a foot or so. Stillings let them know, yelling, "Half a seat . . . a seat . . . half a seat . . . a seat," subtracting a little from the actual lead, afraid his crew might let up, even for an instant. Washington crossed the line four feet and $\frac{1}{2}$ of a second ahead of Cal and eight seconds in front of Oregon State. Mike Hess gasped, "Did we win?" "Yes," Stillings replied, and Hess fell backwards. He spent most of the next 20 minutes there, holding a wet towel to his head. "Everything was hurting," he said later. "I was never so close to running on empty."

Washington Coach Dick Enckson, who is being called the Admiral these days, was puffing his ubiquitous pipe, drinking his endless stream of coffee and saying, "I'm under a lot of strain. When you're on top, you've got to keep picking winning boats."

In July he will take his men back to England's Henley Royal Regatta, where the Huskies are defending champions. California will go to next month's IRA in Syracuse, which it won in 1976. Wisconsin, which almost beat Harvard in the qualifying heats of the Eastern Sprints, could be tough there, too. As Erickson is fond of saying, "You never know in this sport. You just never know." **END**

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It was 6:30 p.m., an hour before his team would play at Madison Square Garden, and Houston Rocket Guard John Lucas was packing his bag for the taxi ride downtown from his hotel. The last time he had made that trip was in mid-March when he played 47 minutes, scored 17 points and handed out nine assists in a 112-101 loss to the Knicks. Tonight would be quite different. Lucas would sit on the bench while his New Orleans Nets teammates beat the New York Apples in World Team Tennis.

Bench-warming is as foreign to Lucas as a professional tennis career would be to the other 241 NBA players, but he is content to sit as he polishes his summer game. And sit he did, through all but two of New Orleans' first 11 matches this season. In Biloxi, Miss., with the Nets hopelessly trailing Phoenix 24-16, Lucas played mixed doubles with Renee Richards in the last match of the night. He held his serve and volleyed strongly to help win the Nets' first match of the evening, a 7-5 victory over Burch Wells and Kristen Shaw. In El Paso, Lucas teamed with Marty Riessen in a 6-2 loss to Rod Laver and Ross Case of the San Diego Friars.

Back in September when the basketball training camps opened, Lucas didn't expect—or want—to be playing professional tennis this spring. Although highly interested in a two-sport professional career—in 1976 he was All-America in both tennis and basketball at Maryland, the only two-sport honoree in the country that year—what Lucas hoped was that this spring he would be exactly where he was a year ago—playing against Philadelphia in the Eastern Conference finals of the NBA playoffs. But, by the time Lucas arrived at Madison Square Garden in March, all hopes of even a first-round playoff berth had vanished, a succession of injuries having crippled the Rockets.

While the Houston front office was mailing out "Get Well Rockets" brochures—which included a 1977-78 injury calendar as justification for the team's last-place finish—the hyperactive Lucas wasted no time in finding a profitable way to use his unwanted free time.

WTT is not new to him. In July of



An All-America in basketball and tennis, John Lucas is now both NBA and WTT

Rocket with a racket

1976 he played as the third man on the Golden Gators, although then, as now, he spent most of his time on the bench. "The second-best black tennis player in the country"—the description offered by his lawyer, Donald Dell—was finding that the only way to compensate for a lack of playing time was to spend hours in practice. In September the rookie millionaire (he gets about \$375,000 a year with Houston compared to \$15,000 or so from tennis) was off to his first NBA training camp. His second shot at WTT would have to wait.

Last year Lucas was playing basketball well into May and decided to skip WTT entirely. As long ago as last November, however, he was making plans to resume his tennis career. At that time his contract was with the Phoenix Racquets and contingent on when the Rockets were

eliminated from the playoffs. However, when Chris Evert shifted her allegiance from Phoenix to the Los Angeles Strings, the Racquets' needs changed and the deal fell through.

But on April 8, the final day of Houston's dismal season, everything fell into place. Lucas learned from Dell that he would be the third man behind Player-Coach Marty Riessen and Andy Pattison at New Orleans. It was perfect timing.

"Timing has been the most important thing in my life," says Lucas. "When I came out of high school I was contemplating what to do. Then the NCAA changed the freshman eligibility rule."

Lucas, who had broken Pete Maravich's North Carolina high school scoring record and also had been a U.S. Junior Davis Cup team member, had received 401 college scholarship offers, 350 in basketball, the others in tennis. He decided he wanted to star on a major-college basketball team as a freshman. He chose Maryland, and four years later he had become the Terrapins' all-time leading scorer. At Maryland he also played No. 1 singles in tennis in the spring, winning two Atlantic Coast Conference singles titles. Some schools would have allowed Lucas to compete in both sports, but not all. UCLA, for example, wanted him for basketball or tennis, but not for both.

"When I finished college I didn't know if I could make more money playing tennis or basketball," Lucas says, "but when Houston traded for the No. 1 pick and selected me in the draft, I became the first guard since Maravich to be picked first overall." Being the No. 1 pick put an end to Lucas' dilemma. As he says, "I knew I could always come back to tennis."

Lucas is an acceptable third man for WTT. Like the 11th man in pro basketball, he is called on when either the match has already been decided or a teammate is injured. And in a league that has spent five seasons searching for ways to attract fans, Lucas measures up as an attraction—a bona fide tennis player as well as a familiar face at every WTT whistle-stop because all the franchises are in NBA cities.

As convenient as the arrangement is for WTT, it is equally advantageous for Lucas, who considers himself team-oriented.

continued



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ented whether he is on a basketball or a tennis court. "I like the individualism of tennis combined with the team concept," he says.

In his eyes, basketball is turning into a game of egos, yet his role as a point guard—the player who directs the offense—is not attuned to ego gratification. Lucas, who this season was second in assists in the NBA, says, "My value will never appear on the stat sheets. It will show up in whether we win or lose.

"I'm not going to kill you with my tennis talent, either, but I'm going to try to outsmart you. The confidence I get when I have chosen the right serve at a 3-3 point is similar to the confidence I get when I have made the right call on a crucial play in basketball."

Aside from the mental aspects, tennis sharpens Lucas' eye-hand coordination, helps his quickness and lateral movement, and keeps him in shape. When the Nets are in New Orleans, Lucas works out three hours each day with Tulane basketball players, and during the WTT's Wimbledon break he plans to return to Maryland to work out with Houston teammate Moses Malone.

Malone was one of nine Rockets injured last season, and club President Ray Patterson hopes that by the time Lucas meets up with Malone, the tennis circuit will "have taken his mind off our basketball season." What else can Patterson say? Lucas' contract allows him to play tennis whether Patterson approves or not.

"This past season basketball probably taught me humility more than anything else," says Lucas. "I have never lost so badly. We lost 14 games in a row, and when that happened my life became just jagged edges. Tennis is restoring my aggressiveness. Instead of playing it timidly, like I started to play basketball when we lost all those games, I can go full blast."

His tennis skills have impressed his Net teammates. Renee Richards says, "When I first heard about John I guessed that he couldn't play tennis, but I saw him hit one ball and I knew he could." When paired in doubles, the two lefties are the most extraordinary pairing in tennis history—a black professional basketball player and a 43-year-old transsexual—playing on perhaps the most extraordinary and certainly the oldest (average age 30) team in the league. "We have a Tasmanian [Helen Gurley Caw-

continued

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TENNIS continued

ley), an Australian (Wendy Turnbull), a Rhodesian (Pattison), another former basketball-tennis player (Riessen), a black and Renee Richards," says Lucas.

Not since Philadelphia Pitcher Ron Reed quit the Detroit Pistons in 1967 has an athlete earned money in two major team sports in the same year. Dave DeBusschere pitched for the White Sox when he completed each of his seasons with the Pistons in 1962 and 1963. Pittsburgh Pirate Dick Groat tried basketball one year for Fort Wayne, which was then in the NBA, but from 1955 to 1967 he was strictly a shortstop. Gene Conley was surely the most durable of all the basketball-baseball players. He was a pitcher and center from 1958 to 1964. But Lucas is the first to play both basketball and tennis.

"It ain't easy," he says, referring not to the duality of his professional life but to the transition from a pivotal basketball player to a part-time tennis pro. But his confidence in his abilities in both sports is so strong that it borders on cockiness.

"Everyone was always urging me to go into tennis," Lucas says, and there is no question he feels he could have succeeded in tennis if he had chosen to.

This time around in WTT, with a full season ahead of him, both Lucas and Riessen expect that before long he will be contributing in matches as well as in practice, in which he is already routinely beating Pattison. But because Lucas played only four tennis matches during the basketball season, he is obviously unprepared for the pressures of actual competition. It will be tough for him to break into the Nets' regular lineup because Riessen and Richards have become the league's winningest mixed-doubles team.

Before Lucas left for the Garden for the tennis matches he checked with a friend as to when his new good-luck charm—he had lost its predecessor—would be ready. He wears the gold and diamond charm, which consists of the words "Cool Hand" (his nickname is Luke), on a chain about his neck. The diamonds sparkle conspicuously when he stands at the foul line.

"I was hoping it would get here by tonight," said Lucas. "I'm nervous and it brings me good luck."

It didn't arrive. But Lucas didn't need it. He didn't play. Cool Hand's biggest problem during the WTT season will be keeping a cool head as he sits and waits.

END

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“Fervently, I think that many
times one feels oneself
to be secure and, suddenly,
one’s world falls down like
a pack of cards in a matter
of seconds.”

GUILLERMO VILAS

VILAS

continued

Introspective, articulate, exceedingly sensitive, Guillermo Vilas of Argentina is a world apart from compeers Jimmy Connors and Bjorn Borg

by Curry Kirkpatrick

Boom. Ba-boom." The floor is made of ceramic tiles that are the color of buttermilk. "Bip-bip. Ba-boom." The walls are marble halfway to the ceiling. "Baba-da-boom. Baba-da-boom." There is chipping plaster, and water pipes all around. "Bip-bip. Boop-ba-boop. Boom." And mirrors and stalls and a long wooden bench. "Ba-boom. Bip... bip... babada-boom. Ba-boom... ba... boom."

In the faded elegance of a dressing room underneath the stadium of the Buenos Aires lawn tennis club, Guillermo Vilas wants to go upstairs for another tennis match. Waits and sits. Stands and dances. Sings and taps a small stick.

"I should have been a Brazilian," Vilas says. "How fantastic they are with the music. DeMoraes, the singing poetry. Toquinho on guitar. Maria Creuze, the vocals. I saw them all in Punta del Este once. A concert recorded live. Unbelievable. All the Brazilians are so natural with the music. You go into a bar and there they are drumming and tapping on everything. Ba-boom. Ba-ba-da-boom. Metals, wood, the floor, the chairs. They click glasses and spoons and fill the bottles at different levels so they get the different notes. Bip-boom. They become a band. People singing and laughing and dancing on the tables. Ba-boom."

"I fly away with the music," Vilas continues, now working on the marble and the pipes. "Boop-bip-ba-boom. Yes, sometimes I wish I was making music. I speak to Burt Bacharach in Caracas. He said he went crazy listening to the Brazilians. He said he would help me with my songs. Yes, Bacharach will come here and I will go to California and meet the big guys. My songs will be love songs. But not for lovers, you know? Love songs for all people. I want that. Yes, I want to make music. . . . I will. . . . I know I will."

The reason professional tennis has established itself as one of the big sports of the '70s is that it has grown far and wide and variegated enough to have at its highest level such disparate personalities as Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Borg and Guillermo Vilas. Though much has been made of their diversity, the notion persists that Connors and Borg are not so dissimilar after all. It is Vilas who is different. Vilas, the poet, Vilas, the romantic, Vilas, the mild bull of the Pampas. Though probably lacking the raw ability of his two rivals, Vilas may have the greatest appeal to the public.

Connors has earned a reputation for nastiness while wearing his heart, not to mention his middle finger, on his sleeve. Conversely, Borg is well-mannered but exhibits no recognizable human emotion past a wink. And although they have performed prodigies on the tennis court, they are sadly deficient in the social graces and general knowledge. In-

deed, it sometimes seems that they went directly from childhood to manhood, while cutting classes, as it were, in the lessons of youth. Perhaps that is why, in their press conferences and public utterances, Connors, 25, and Borg, 21, can express themselves only in jock rhetoric or downright baby talk. Conversation? Forget conversation. They don't know what conversation is. If all the men of the world suddenly were ripped asunder by Darth Vader, Jimbo and Bjorny would have to take to the streets selling sausage.

This is not the case for 25-year-old Guillermo Vilas. Besides being one of the three best tennis players in the world, Vilas is a published author of prose and poetry. He has written a screenplay and collaborated on songs to be recorded in Argentina. He is a philosopher, a musician, a reader, a thinker. Even if Vilas' book of poetry were nothing more than recipes for carbonada criolla and his musical notes badly off-key, even if his Renaissance-man reputation is based on nothing more than "phantom depth," as one touring pro charges, that is beside the point. On his own the man reads, writes and composes, and he does it for only one reason. The self. Himself.



Last season, Vilas won French and U.S. Opens and Masters Grand Prix

Vilas is bright, handsome, articulate. He is honest, witty, sensitive. He makes tons and tons of pesos. You might not want your daughter to marry a tennis player, but Guillermo Vilas you'd approve of.

This is a simplification, of course. Vilas' passion for the esthetic, his artistic nature, derives in large part from the circumstances of coming from a broken home and from the hurt inflicted by incessant reference to him in the Argentine press as a loser and "the eternal second." "I am a very complicated person to get involved with," Vilas says. "I am not easy to know on a superficial basis."

Significantly, the two men who say they know him best—does anyone know Guillermo Vilas well?—disagree on the subject of Vilas' state of mind.

"Willie is, you know, counterclockwise," says Luis Alberto Spinetta, Argentina's leading jazz-rock musician. "You tell him what's white, he'll tell you what's black. You act hard on him, he'll be sweet. It's all reversed. He's contradictory. But he is young, a champion, sensible. He has fun. His future is now. He has found the world already."

Arturo Romero, who was Vilas' roommate during law school at Facultad de Derecho Y Ciencias Sociales and now serves as a kind of secretary for his friend, demurs. "Traveling is a lonely time for Guillermo," says Romero. "He has no home left, but he needs the charm and closeness of the family. When you force Guillermo to think, he's pessimistic. Because he is not happy, he must discover a place to settle and find peace. The problem is Guillermo doesn't find his peace."

There are other contradictions. Vilas has said that money means nothing, that he "plays for fame." But last year he entered an astonishing 34 tournaments (winning 21), played 153 matches (winning 139) and earned \$434,065 in tournament prize money, an alltime record. He plays and plays and plays. He also won the \$300,000 first prize in the Colgate Grand Prix bonus pool, as well as an additional \$30,000 in the season-end Masters showdown in New York City, for a year's total of \$764,065. That is quite a bit of fame.

And Vilas' interest in only the fame of the Masters title is suspect. He cabled Colgate before the tournament to ask if they could send him \$300,000 down to Buenos Aires ahead of time "for tax reasons." (There were no tax reasons: tennis players are taxed where they earn their money.)

Moreover, Vilas resigned or, rather, Ion Tiriac, the brooding Romanian who is Vilas' friend, aide, mentor, agent, cornerman, coach and general manager, resigned both of them from the Association of Tennis Professionals last spring (over a petty gossip item in the ATP newspaper). Vilas was the only major player who refused to sign a pledge not to play exhibitions in conflict with ATP-sanctioned tournaments this season. As a result, this winter and spring Vilas (whom Tiriac has come to refer to as "I," the way fight managers say, "We fought so-and-so") has been lazing around, playing in only a few tournaments. He does appear in a whole lot of exhibitions. For fame? For money?

In defense, Tiriac argues that Connors, Borg, Ilie Nastase and other big names have been "collecting guarantees on contracts" from Lamar Hunt's WCT tour, and that his



The volatile Romanians, Ion Tiriac, is Vilas' coach, guru, Sontagab

man either deserves the same largess or else should be left alone to make up the cash in exhibitions.

"Guillermo is bored with deals I make," says Tiriac. "He doesn't want to hear about them. Anyway, money is no factor with these guys anymore. It just depends on who wants to win. This guy won nonstop last year. God, we're tired."

Be that as it may, Vilas, or Tiriac, or those spinners and weavers from Fila, the Italian clothes manufacturer that makes Vilas' two-tone outfits, or somebody, must be yawning all the way to the Buenos Aires Savings and Loan.

Arthur Ashe puts in a word for Vilas. "What Guillermo did last year to reach that many finals and win that many tournaments was extraordinary," says Ashe. "It's trivial to complain that he hasn't played much this year. He must have accounted for an extra 50,000 spectators in the last six months of the season. He more than supported the tour."

This season the tour has had to make do without Vilas. After injuring his ankle at the Masters in January, he rushed home to rest for nearly three months before gingerly venturing back into competition, in which he has been rudely beaten by a whole draw sheet of players even Bud Collins would have a difficult time identifying. But this appears to be another typical Tiriac production: go slow, practice hard, work like a pack mule, then sneak up on everybody in the

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VILAS

continued

world's big clay championships—this week's Italian Open in Rome and next week's French Open in Paris.

Tiriac deservedly has taken credit for the technical and mental improvements in Vilas' game since he joined up with him permanently in 1976. Other players sense his influence on Vilas' personality as well. There was a time in South Africa, after Vilas had lost a long point, when he appealed to the chair that coughing spectators had disrupted his concentration. The umpire allowed a replay. Last spring during the Davis Cup match between Argentina and the U.S., American representatives accused Vilas of arousing the crowd to use drums, bugles and whistles.

"Tiriac is the guru and Tiriac's forte is gamesmanship," says Ashe. "We know not to give Guillermo anything on the court because he'll nail you if he can. He has come to the superstar point. He plays on that image of the romantic poet, but he uses the grand gesture the way Newcombe used to in influencing an inexperienced linesman. Newk got away with it because he was Newk. This guy can do it because he is Vilas."

The "superstar" hasn't been conceived who would avoid exploiting such an advantage. Still, for Vilas to engage in such gamesmanship seems totally alien to his image. "Guillermo used to be warm and friendly," another player says. "Now he has a singlemindedness that wasn't there before."

He is all business, and cold. I wonder if he really enjoys the sacrifices he has had to make because of Tiriac. To reach the top, he has become less human, a lesser person. But to win, he had to be."

A story under Vilas' byline in the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Opinion* last November illustrates Tiriac's influence. *La Opinion* had asked for Vilas' impressions of the earthquake in Argentina the day before in which some 80 people had been killed. Heavy tremors had been felt in parts of Buenos Aires. Vilas, who had been awakened from a sound sleep in his 17th-floor apartment and who had rushed down the stairs and into the street where he had joined his frightened neighbors, wrote:

"It [the earthquake] was most lamentable, but foreseeable. It's within the percentage of things which have to happen. Ferribly, therefore, I think that many times one feels oneself to be secure and, suddenly, one's world falls down like a pack of cards in a matter of seconds. An earthquake belongs to natural law. Nature is irreversible just as much for physical and psychic phenomena. If reconstruction is necessary, I pledge to contribute my grain of sand, playing exhibitions gratis, always on condition that in the scheduling of them, the dates that tennis leaves me free are taken into account [italics provided]. This for me is a sacred pledge which I plan to honor."

Friends say the exhibitions were Vilas' idea, the proviso about free time was pure Tiriac.

For about as long as there has been an Argentina, there has been football—soccer—in Argentina. Neighboring Brazil has won the World Cup three times, and now Buenos Aires is preparing to host that event. There have also been renowned fighters from Argentina—Luis Angel Firpo, Oscar Bonavena, Carlos Monzon—but not until Guillermo Vilas arrived did sports take over in a big commercial way. T-shirts, sporting-goods stores, that sort of thing.

Vilas came out of Mar del Plata, a resort city of 350,000 on the south coast, from which he used to take seven-hour bus rides over bad roads to play in weekend tournaments in Buenos Aires. Vilas would play all day Saturday and all day Sunday, then board another bus for the seven-hour ride home. He would reach home at 4 a.m., barely in time to sleep before school the next day. An American TV announcer once said a player had to be dedicated to the game to do all that, and a viewer wrote in, "either to the game or to school." Vilas was both; he was a superior student.

Mar del Plata could probably exist forever on the beauty of its name (Sea of Silver), but the city has lost much of its elegance. The wealthy now vacation in Punta del Este, the chic Uruguayan resort, and the working classes and union leaders have taken over.

Though Vilas' father, an *escribano* (South America's version of the British solicitor), still lives in Mar del Plata, his mother long since moved away to live with Vilas' 22-year-old sister, Marcela, in Buenos Aires. Vilas has his own small penthouse apartment in a Buenos Aires suburb called Olivos, two blocks from where the Argentine presidents resided before the Peronistas were deposed in 1976. Everywhere one looks from Vilas' corner windows, there is water, swimming pools and yacht harbors and rivers. The mam-

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Taking time out from tennis, Vilas plays volleyball in Punta del Este

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VILAS

continued

moth Rio de la Plata, formed by the confluence of the Paraná and the Uruguay, laps the banks of the city downtown, past the docks of the historic La Boca—a collection of rainbow-hued tenements comprising what must be the world's most charming slum—before flowing into the Atlantic Ocean 150 miles away. "On a clear day you can see across in Uruguay—little hills, the tips of mountains," says Vilas.

Last year Vilas purchased a condominium in Punta del Este. Moving from Mar del Plata to Punta del Este is analogous to leaving Atlantic City for Southampton. Given \$300,000 bonus pool money, you'd move, too. His apartment in Olivos is a study in eclectic taste. In the kitchen there is a lucite phone to which a girl friend often is attached. Arturo Romero, the former law school roommate and a zany who takes acting lessons and thrills everyone with his version of Dustin Hoffman as Rando Rizzo, lives with Vilas. Tiriac, Tiriac's tall, blonde wife Mikette and their 18-month-old baby have an apartment in the same building.

Van Gogh reproductions, Oriental tapestries, a spaghetti racket, fresh flowers, bongo drums, boxing headgear (Vilas and Romero often spar for exercise), a couple of trophies and the standard hi-fi- stereo-and-tape-deck monster machines decorate the penthouse. Cassettes are everywhere. One is a radio play-by-play of Vilas' victory over Roscoe Tanner in Washington, D.C., most are of Chuck Mangione, Chuck Corea and all that jazz.

It is rumored that Vilas will soon purchase a huge ranch in the provinces, but for now, during his brief moments in Argentina, this is the stopping-off place. It is where Vilas says he "hangs." Vilas does not even visit Mar del Plata anymore. There is a reason.

"My old house was out in the country," says Vilas. "A quinta, a house with lots of land. Crops, gardens, fruits, vegetables. I used to play outside in the biggest tree in the world. Alone, just me. I didn't need anybody else. I was roaming a lot. Much time to think. The house is changed now. Everything is different. It is part of the town. No more crops. No dirt roads. No land. It is so sad. Once I wanted to show the big tree to a girl who was important to me, but it wasn't big anymore. Everything when you were young was so big, you know. Everything I was dreaming about was different. It

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Anthony Edgeworth, contributing photographer, Esquire Magazine



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VILAS

continued

was such a great experience. I wanted to relive it. It didn't work. I go back now to look and I get very depressed."

Argentines are mostly of Spanish or Italian origin and they have strong family ties: one for all, all for one. So, in the old days, did the family Vilas, which is of Basque descent. That feeling is gone now. Vilas' parents were separated for good about the time Guillermo went off to law school. Though he will not speak of it, friends say he was crushed and perhaps he has not recovered. His search for a surrogate family seems to continue. Or perhaps it has ended with Tiriac.

Vilas repeatedly grieves that he must endure long travel, airplanes, restaurant meals, strange beds and hotel rooms. Most of all, hotel rooms. A hotel room is not a home, and this is a man who greatly misses his home.

"We could see this from the beginning," says Chilean player Jaime Fillol, who has known Vilas longer than most. "Guillermo always seemed to need somebody else. He was close to me for a while, then to Manuel Orantes. Nobody lasted more than three or four weeks. He was always looking for something new, for some answers. When either of his parents was on tour with him, he was unsure, uneasy. He was morose and blue. Then he got into Buddhism and Yoga and other Asian philosophies, which are nearly impossible to apply to your life if you were brought up in a Western society, in a Catholic style. Now he less Tiriac worry about as many things as possible. He seems more settled. But also, more removed from the rest of us."

For a time he and Borg became fast friends—Vilas bought an apartment in the same condominium in Montecarlo in which Borg lived, the two practiced every day and they ate meals together. But Borg was on the verge of his engagement to Mariana Simonescu, while Vilas was surveying a field of international wonder women, including a "Miss World Beauty," 32-year-old Mirta Massa. As Borg began to defeat Vilas regularly and Tiriac entered the picture, their friendship waned. Yet Borg's dominance in their matches—12 wins to four, lifetime—while attributable in part to his greater consistency, is probably as much a result of Vilas' lack of a killer instinct against a friend. As Tiriac says of his ward, "This guy not capable in life to kill a fly."

The hero worship that surrounds Vilas in Buenos Aires—one evening last winter his arrival at the restaurant Los Afios Locos (The Crazy Years) was accorded a standing ovation, after which a dozen waiters lined up for individual pictures with Vilas for the best part of an hour—is testimony to the depth of feeling Argentines hold for their Numero Uno de Tenis. But for a better understanding of his national celebrity, it is necessary to travel with Vilas to a place such as Tandil, a hamlet some 2½ hours south of Buenos Aires by prop plane. Tandil is in the flatlands, a green and fertile place with roads lined by jacaranda trees and fields full of cattle. Vilas flew there for an exhibition match with Tiriac and the inauguration of a new indoor tennis club; his father, Jose Roque Vilas, met him at the military airport. If 60-year-old Jose Roque could be persuaded to wear a Peter Pan collar hairpiece, he and Guillermo could pass for twins. They have the same robust energy, the magnetism, the kind, mannerly ways. And the same eyes. At once soft and piercing—and clear, stark, incredibly blue. List-

ings of tennis' best-looking men usually begin with Adriano Panatta, the Italian; then comes Vilas.

As the three cars carrying Vilas, his father, Tiriac and local officials headed from the airport through the farmlands into Tandil, a strange scene developed. Every so often there would be a car parked alongside the road with one or two people inside. As the Vilas caravan passed, the people in the cars would wave wildly and honk their horns. Then the cars would get in line and follow along. This continued for 10 miles, until the caravan became a parade.

Just outside Tandil, Vilas' car stopped so Tiriac could pick up some bandages at a drugstore. Within minutes the vehicle was engulfed by dozens of people, mostly children who fought each other to lean inside the window and kiss Vilas. "Mucho gusto, mucho gusto, Guillermo," they would say politely. Then, "Adios."

In Tandil, hundreds of people lined the sidewalk to catch a glimpse of Vilas. At the hotel another hundred rushed the curb. The car began to shake. Vilas forced his way out. "No autographs, please," he pleaded. "I am sorry, but I am late."

"We don't want autographs," a girl said. "We just want to touch you."

Tiriac, grumbling, said this happened all the time in the provinces. "Last month we were forced to have 20 police on horseback guard him at exhibition. In Romania when I had Nastase, there would be 200 people lined up, but only for autographs. Here they are more aggressive. They want flesh. Vilas, he is like Jesus Christ. He is prophet."

Guillermo Vilas was not born in a manger—or on a tennis court. Like any other Argentine kid, he grew up kicking a football. Vilas' father, preferring that Guillermo play something more white-collar, took him into the Club Natación Mar del Plata, of which he was the president, and hired a local barber named Felipe Locicero to teach him tennis. Locicero remembers, "On the face of the little boy were the signs of deaf protest." But the little boy learned the game. Later, when the elder Vilas wanted his son to become a lawyer, it was too late. Guillermo was hooked on tennis. He was playing in national and then international tournaments. And he was winning. In law school Vilas met the boisterous Romero, who came from the province of La Pampa. Of Romero, a notorious playboy, a friend once said, "At 2 a.m. Arturo is not thinking the night is young but, rather, the night is born."

The two got along famously—talking for hours over bottles of sidra, Argentina's apple-champagne drink—when Romero's carousing did not interfere with Vilas' studying. Romero recalls Vilas coming home miserably from class every day. "One night," Romero says, "Guillermo came back to the room, threw down his books and nearly cried. 'This is not my life,' he said. 'This is not my life.'"

"The law was too square," says Vilas. "Rules, more rules. You had to have the same opinions as the professors. Nothing ever was flexible enough."

But tennis. Well.

I remember when I started tennis, it was considered a

continued

sissy game," says Vilas. "We used to walk down the street and hide the rackets in our bags. Everybody whistled at us and called us queers. But I liked the creativity of the game. A tennis player could create more than a painter. Create combinations of things. Nothing was secure. There were the variables of the racket, the surface, the weather, the opponent, the spin and speed of the ball. Where you were. Who you were. For me this was an unbelievable attraction. When someone said, 'Come, go to the court,' it was like saying, 'Come, point.' Only better."

So Vilas left school forever. In 1973 he began his voyages around the tennis globe. The following summer there arrived on the American clay circuit a powerful, lefthanded, full-fledged new star and anomaly: a flashing-eyed, headbanded South American who didn't moan and complain at line calls, didn't temperamentally quit at the slightest hint of trouble and didn't seem ever to lose.

Vilas had played poorly on the WCT winter-spring tour that season, but in July he had won the Swiss and Dutch Opens and then in the U.S. reached the finals at Washington. In August he won Louisville and made it to the quarters at Indianapolis. He defeated Borg, Tom Okker and Orantes to win Toronto before reaching the semifinals in the U.S. Pro at Brookline. In seven weeks his record was 34-3 and he had earned \$70,000. In short order he then won eight Grand Prix titles and jumped from No. 35 on the money list to No. 1.

The press did not know what to make of this scraggly-haired strongman who wore sash belts, POW bracelets and macaroni necklaces while quoting Neruda and Krishnamurti, whoever they were.

"I am the No. 1 sportsman in Argentina," Vilas told everybody. "Of course in Argentina we don't have many sportsmen." But the Argentine magazine *Gente* soon abandoned its cover-girl format to feature Vilas, and a taped tennis match—Vilas vs. Filloil—was shown on Buenos Aires television for the first time.

At the end of 1974 Vilas pulled off the upset of the decade when he won the Masters on grass in Melbourne, sometimes playing in 125° heat as he ripped through John Newcombe, Onny Paron, Borg, Raul Ramirez and Nastase. In 1975 Vilas beat a fading Rod Laver at Boston by 6-3, 6-4, after which Laver said, "I saw a great player out there."

His press clippings made Vilas' countrymen expect too much. Because his baseline game had been born on red dirt, he was vulnerable to an aggressive charger, and he was still beset by familial problems. Vilas kept winning all his matches—except the big ones.

In 1974, Rome semifinals: Vilas had Borg put away, but lost. In 1975, Rome semis: he was far ahead of Orantes, but lost again. In 1975, Paris finals: Vilas was wiped out by Borg. In 1975, U.S. Pro finals: wiped out by Borg. In 1975, U.S. Open semifinals: having given up only 18 games in 12 sets at Forest Hills, Vilas led Orantes 2-1 in sets and 5-0 in games and had five match points. He lost all of them and the match, 4-6, in the fifth set.

In 1976, Rome finals: Vilas blew a one-set lead to lose to

Panatta. In 1976, Paris semifinals: Vilas blew a bigger lead to lose to Harold Solomon. In 1976, Forest Hills semifinals: blown out by Connors. In 1976, Masters semis: lost 6-8 in the fifth to Wojtek Fibak. In early 1977, Australian Open: wiped out by Tanner.

After his embarrassing loss to Orantes at Forest Hills in 1975, Vilas turned to Tiriac. For all his guff and bluster and Count Dracula reputation, behind Tiriac's hirsute countenance is one of the game's most perceptive minds. Tiriac never got enough credit when he was honing Nastase's brilliance into marketable victories, and he finally wearied of Nastase's selfishness. In Vilas he had a lesser talent but a more pliable student.

It took time. "For Nastase, tennis was all a game, all play," says Tiriac. "For Vilas, it is all work." Vilas worked hard, four, five, six hours a day of running and exercises and hitting balls. "I make him run when he very tired," says Tiriac. "I make him stretch muscles when he very cold. Vilas strong? I play ice hockey. I think I am strong. If we arm-wrestle, this guy snap my arm off quick. Laver strong? This guy snap Laver in two pieces."

Vilas' strength is a source of wonderment to his fellow pros. Ashe says he was practicing with Tiriac and Vilas in Australia once and had to stop out of sheer exhaustion. "Guillermo trains like nobody I've ever seen," says Ashe. "Tiriac trampolines those balls to the corners and yells 'Run, run, run,' and Vilas runs. He's not naturally gifted, you know. The kid is such a brute, he just muscles his way to the ball."

Finally, in 1977 came the breakthrough, with his victories in the French Open, the U.S. Open and his Grand Prix records. But some players consider Vilas' most impressive feat last year to be a loss. That was at Aix-en-Provence in October when Vilas defaulted and walked off the court, hopelessly behind 2-6, 5-7 to Nastase and the infamous spaghetti racket.

The ILTF had banned the use of the racket, the prohibition to take effect the day after the tournament ended. Nastase used it to drop and lob and run Vilas into the dusty clay as the crowd chanted, "Take the racket off! Take the racket off!" Vilas had just completed a five-set semifinal against another spaghetti-wielder, Patrick Dierckx, which did not exactly help prepare him for Nastase.

"Nastase with his top spin off the spaghetti racket is impossible to play against unless you have the racket yourself," says Gene Mayer, a touring pro. "Guillermo worked his tail off. I've never seen him try harder. Those two sets were like seven. It's a miracle—a monument to his strength—that he got those five games in the second set. Only he could get five. As far as the players are concerned that wasn't a loss. Vilas' clay-court streak was still alive."

Ah yes. The Streak. Since pro tennis entered the Open era 10 years ago, no man has done what Vilas did on clay in 1977. During one stretch he won 57 consecutive clay-court matches as he swept nine tournaments. Between his walkout on Nastase and his default at the end of the year to Eddie Dibbs in the round-robin Masters at Madison Square Garden, Vilas won another 30 matches and six more tournaments in a row. After he lost to Billy Martin on grass at Wimbledon, Vilas went the rest of the year without losing

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(except by default) until Borg caught him in the Masters semis. Vilas' match record for the season was 139-14.

"I did not do this by changing any stroke," says Tiriaco. What Tiriaco did do was alter Vilas' footwork on serve (bringing his left foot parallel to the right, shortening his stride) to add power and length to his flat deliveries. Also, Tiriaco introduced Vilas to the backhand slice. He urged him to be aggressive, to come to the net more than once a week. He taught him a lexicon of hand signals that now flow continually between the two men during matches. Most important, Tiriaco showed Vilas how to think and concentrate and hang in and forget what Gandhi and those other peace freaks wrote. He wanted Vilas gaucha-tough in those crucial moments that determine championships.

"I want this guy to keep head and not become mechanical," says Tiriaco. "I want to make him sure of his ability. You must realize you only started volleying last year. He still does not know how. I must attack to beat Connors and Borg. I know this. Connors I handle. But Borg is so natural, very patient guy. He out-steady everybody, not just Vilas. I don't give a hell if Borg beat me 10 more times straight. I just want to play him right. Attack. And I will. I am far away from capabilities in every part of game. I need year and half, two years. If anybody beat Vilas then, I shake person's hand and say you are phenomenon."

All of Tiriaco's work—and Vilas' sweat—paid off in those glorious two weeks of Paris a year ago when the Argentinian blasted his top-spin artillery, not to mention all those "no heart" and "no heart" labels, past a bewildered Brian Gottfried to win the French final 6-0, 6-3, 6-0. "I cannot explain how I feel about this first big one," Vilas says. "It was like breaking a giant piece of glass that was hanging over my head. I was full, like plenitude. It was like I felt maybe I would never win again, but I could look back and say, 'I won there' and, 'I was a great player that one time.'"

"I don't want to sound like Muhammad Ali. I know it is very complicated to pick No. 1. But I think No. 1 is the player who played the best for the whole year. Maybe it's not the best player. Maybe I'm not the best. But I played the best for the longest time."

And, of course, he did. When Vilas beat Connors at Forest Hills, it was a shocking enough upset. But his 6-4, 3-6, 7-5 victory in the rematch at Madison Square Garden in the Masters was even more impressive. Here were Jimbo's conditions—an indoor match, a revenge motive, a faster Supreme Court surface, smoke, beer, hot dogs, gripping tension, dazzling celebrities and a record 18,590 house screaming for blood—and here was Vilas darting his eyes from Connors to Tiriaco and back; here he was moving his lips and thinking aloud; here he was firing his bullets and dodging the other guy's in return right up to the final moment. Neither seemed even to blink. Ultimately, Vilas outfought the street fighter on his own mean streets.

Those who were lucky enough to witness the event knew they had seen magic. The match was good enough, in fact, to write a book about, and Vilas comes well-armed for that task as well. Jonathan Segal, an editor at Simon & Schuster

who is working on a book with Vilas, says, "Guillermo has a great sense of the absurdity of things. In time he could become a full-fledged writer."

Vilas says, "To write is very special. I think I started when I was alone in the fields and the trees. I had so much time then. I am lucky now. I don't have to worry about selling books. I can write what I feel. I can write for myself."

Vilas began writing in secondary school but a teacher discouraged his efforts by throwing away his work. When Vilas went out on the tour, he kept a diary. He scribbled on napkins, programs, the back of his hand. An idea would come and Vilas would grab onto it and write it down. He says he had written three books before he published *Ciento Veinticinco* (125), a 1975 paperback of prose and poetry dealing with man's loneliness and the emptiness of life.

Vilas put out 125 entirely on his own. He wrote it, designed the cover and paid the printer. The book is "the fruit of my moments of greatest anguish," he says, but he will not reveal the meaning of the title. There are chapter headings such as *Ilusiones*, *Nostalgia*, *Impotencia*. The book is ironic, sarcastic, funny and sad, but it was bombed by the critics. When asked what he thought of 125, Jorge Luis Borges, Argentina's first man of letters, who is now 78 and blind, said, "Just imagine me playing tennis."

Vilas is undeterred. In conversation he is obsessed with cosmic subjects—fear, age, death. His screenplay, which he labored over in longhand all last summer, is entitled *The Dedicating Years*. It is about a suicidal man who is talked out of committing suicide. Two songs he wrote with his friend Spinetta are called *Angels*, *Angels and Children of the Bells*, but Spinetta says he had to convince Vilas to make the lyrics in *Children of the Bells* happy, not sad.

"When something nice happens to me, I live it," says Vilas. "When something sad happens, I write it. I cannot write when contented. Stupid things come out. But time passes and I get depressed. When I am traveling, I am unhappy. I am thinking about death a lot. In my screenplay, everybody dies."

When Vilas was 18, a friend committed suicide. A few years ago he met a girl who wore a container of poison on a chain around her neck. In 1976 after Wimbledon, Vilas went into analysis to explore the feelings and experiences that always seemed to surface in his writing.

"Is it me in my screenplay?" he repeats a question. "It doesn't have to be me, but it can be me. I change and find different things to people, including myself."

In 125, in his chapter on *Ilusiones*, Vilas relates the story of a little boy who digs a hole in the sand and pours buckets of water into the hole. The boy asks his father for some ice cream, and the father says the boy can have the ice cream as soon as the hole is filled with water.

After he finished writing *Ilusiones*, Vilas says he was reminded of his father and himself on the beach at Mar del Plata. He says he laughed, remembering. Then he cried. Vilas says in that moment he realized he had grown up. There were no illusions anymore.

Since then we have heard less of Vilas the writer and more of Vilas the tennis player. Which is the logical progression. When something nice happens, Guillermo Vilas doesn't write it, he lives it.

END



"Ilie Nastase introduced us to white rum and tonic."

"One day when I was photographing a match for a tennis magazine, Ilie Nastase came over to say hello. He displayed his usual charm — and then proceeded to tell me how much he hated one of my pictures of him in a recent issue.

That night, in a spirit of atonement, Ilie took Bob and me out to a Japanese restaurant. Before dinner, he ordered Puerto Rican white rum and tonic, a drink we had never tried before. We were intrigued, so we ordered the same.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 15-21

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA. It was Game 6, and Denver had to win to stay alive. During the first 10 minutes of the second quarter the Nuggets visited Seattle's lead to one point. It was the closest they'd come all evening. After that, the Nuggets got within six points twice early in the third period, but Seattle, led by Fred Brown's 30 points, defeated Denver 125-108 to move into the NBA finals for the first time in its 13-year history. In Game 1 of the finals, the Sonics and Washington met at the Sonick Center Coliseum; when the Sonics lost, they won their first 30 games, including eight in the playoffs. Led again by Brown, who scored a game-high 30 points, Seattle rallied from a 19-point third-period deficit to defeat the Bullets 106-103.

BOXING—JOSE (PEPINO) CUEVAS, 20, retained his WBA welterweight title with a first-round knockout of Billy Backus, 25, in Inglewood, Calif.

Olympic heavyweight champion TEOFILO STEVENSON of Cuba defeated Deshaun Yorkins of Yugoslavia to retain his title in the second world amateur championships in Belgrade. Cuba also won four other gold medals, the Soviet Union three, and the U.S. wound up with three bronze medals.

GOLF—BIM SIMMONS teed off a 20-foot putt to save par on the final hole and beat Bill Knicker by one stroke in the \$250,000 Memorial Tournament in Dublin, Ohio. Simmons finished with a four-under-par 284 (page 96).

Winning her fourth tournament of the year, rookie NANCY LORPEZ parred the first hole of a sudden-death playoff to defeat JoAnne Carner in the \$100,000 LPGA Classic in Amesbury, N.J. Lopez had a three-under-par 218.

HOCKEY—NHL. Guy Lafleur beat Boston Goalsie Gerry Cheevers with a 32-foot shot in 13:07 of overtime. Montreal defeated the Bruins 3-2 to take a two-game-to-one lead in their Stanley Cup final-round playoff. Boston ended a 12-game winless streak, knocking the defending Stanley Cup champions when the Bruins shut out Montreal 4-0 in Game 3—the Canada game. One playoff shutout since May 11, 1971. On Sunday, Boston defeated the Canadiens 4-3 in overtime to tie the series at 2-2 (page 16).

WHA. In his Winnipeg came off an 18-day layoff to sweep the Houston Aeros and win the Avco Trophy. This year the Jets had a 19-day wait before meeting New England in the finals. Trying for a repeat performance, the Jets led the series 3-1, and to make matters worse for the Whalers, Winnipeg had lost to

New England in their last 11 meetings. Led by a power-play goal by Willy Lindstrom at 4:56, the Jets were in to score four times in the next two quarters and 50 seconds at Winnipeg grabbed Game 3, 10-2. Each Winnipeg player, except the goaltenders and defencemen Todd Green and Lars-Erik Sjoerqvist, contributed at least one point.

HORSE RACING—AFFIRMED (53), Secret Captain up beat Ardor by a neck to win the 1400m Freekicks at Pimlico. Patriot and Louis Wolfson's colts won the 105m mares (1:56) (page 20).

BATONNIER (81-105) ridden by 16-year-old apprentice Ron Widley, beat Raymond Earl by three lengths in the \$104,700 Illinois Derby in Chicago. The 3-year-old colt covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:51 1/5 for his third straight unimpaired victory.

MOTOR SPORTS—Leading from start to finish, MARIO ANDRETTI, driving a Lotus, won the Belgian Grand Prix 9/10 seconds ahead of teammate Rikie Paterson. Paterson, in a Lotus-Ford, set an overall record of 1:31.13. Andretti, who won his eighth Grand Prix, was timed at 1:30:52.02 for an average speed of 111.566 mph on the 2.648-mile Zolder circuit.

DAVID PEARSON, driving a Mercury, gave his 16th career victory in the Mason-Dixon 500 in Dover, Del. Pearson, who had an average speed of 144.664, finished 12 seconds ahead of defending champion Cale Yeauchuck in Oldsmobile.

SOCCER—NASL. Portland routed the Cosmos' chance to tie the league record of eight consecutive wins with a 2-1 victory. The Timbers also beat San Jose 3-2 to take over first place in the Western Division and earned their winning streak to four games. New England dished Chicago 3-2, the Strag's ninth consecutive loss. But to demonstrate their confidence in their coach, the Strag's owners gave Malcolm Muggerie a raise and a new contract through the end of the 1978 season. Most notable match Vancouver's first-game winning streak with a 3-2 victory. Paul Cannell scored both of Washington's goals, but the Egyptians lost to Fort Lauderdale. The Strikers won 3-2. Oakland, which had a 4-4 record, fired Coach Mike Scapone the night before its game with Memphis, which the Soxmen then won 3-0. Three days later Memphis won its first game since last season's 3-1 over Dallas. Giorgio Chinaglia missed a penalty of 71.219, the largest in regular-season league history, to his second last strike of the year. He led the Cosmos past Seattle 4-1. Chicago leads the league in scoring with 28 points.

ASL. Jack Horvath scored all three goals as Southern California defeated the Indy Dandelions 3-0 for its first win of the season. Last they met the New York Apollo last week, the New York Eagles were the league's only undefeated team, but Mike Mazzoni scored the first and last goal as the Apollo handed the Eagles a 3-2 loss in overtime.

TENNIS—GUILHERMO VILAS won the \$175,000 German Open in Hamburg, defeating Wojtek Fibak 6-2, 6-4, 6-7. MIKE JAU-SPEY, of Yugoslavia beat second-seeded Vargha Kasz of Romania 6-2, 6-3 to win the women's title.

WTT. Rod Laver came from behind five times to defeat Vitas Gerulaitis 7-5 and lead Sam Diego to its seventh straight victory 21-26 over New York. The next night Laver lost 3-6 to Andrew Paterson, but Sam Diego took its eighth win, 15-17 over New Orleans. Los Angeles outplayed its defeat Seattle 23-25 even though Maria Rendone upset Chris Evert 6-3 and Tom Gorman dethroned Bill Nastasi 7-4. Two singles from Los Angeles defeated Indiana 30-19 as Evert averaged an aflutter loss to Duane Froehlich with a 6-2 win and Naome beat Alisa Stone 6-4. Playing without two of their top players, Ray Ruffick and Bill Jean King took home two of four wins. The Apollo still defeated New Orleans 30-20 for their first victory in four meetings with the Sox. In women, Renee Richards beat JoAnne Russell 3-5 for New Orleans' lone win in the match.

TRACK & FIELD—MIKE TULLY of UCLA surpassed the world record in the pole vault at the Pac 8 championships in Corvallis. One Tully's leap of 18' 10" was one-half inch higher than the record set by Dave Robinson in 1976, but more may be accepted because of a technicality (page 11).

MILEPOSTS—DIED. JOE RAY, 34, former American middle-distance and distance runner, in Winston Harbor, N.H. A member of the 1920, '24 and 1928 U.S. Olympic teams, Ray won a world indoor record in the mile (4:12) in 1972, and ran an American outdoor record (4:14) in 1971.

CREDITS

1st—Drawing by GUY; 2nd—Jerry Cooke; 3rd—Co. Photographer; 4th—Walter Lopez Jr.; 23—John Lapan; 24—Jerry Culbreth; 25—Hunt; 26—Lynn; 27—James Davis; 28—Chris Smith; 29—John Lapan; 30—Chris Smith; 31—F.H.P.; 32—Argon Camera; 33—Wagner; 34—F.H.P.; 35—Tony Costa; 36—Domingo; 37—Tony Costa.

FACES IN THE CROWD



LAURA TREKLER
Continued on p. 5

Laura, 17, a pitcher for the Southern Lehigh Senior High girls' softball team, has three no-hitters this season and has a 37-3 record. She has led the Spartans to three straight league titles, has a 1.30 ERA and is batting .500.



ROB WALTON BILL WALTON F.D. WALTON
Continued on p. 5

Rob, Bill and F.D., who made up the starting lineup of the University of California-Davis polo team, became the second all-brother team in the 56-year history of the event to win the U.S. Polo Association intercollegiate indoor championships. Davis defeated Xavier University of Ohio the champions for the past two years, 13-7 in the finals at Sonoma, Calif. Rob, 22, who plays No. 3, or defense, scored a total of 10 goals in the three seasons in which the brothers participated; Bill, 21, who plays No. 1, or offense, led the team captain scored 12 goals, including six in the finals, and F.D., who plays No. 2, or pivot, scored 24. The Aggies had a 12-0 indoor-season record and outscored their opponents 186 goals to 50.



TODD WEAVER
Continued on p. 5

A seventh-grader at Nova Middle School, Todd, now 17, set two national 11-12-year-old swimming records at a Junior Olympic meet. He swam the 100-yard freestyle in 50.94, and the 50 in 23.17, breaking his record of 23.43.



JEFF PYLES
Continued on p. 5

Pyles, 21, an apprentice electrician, set the highest three-game set in the 75-year history of duckpins bowling with games of 235, 185 and 235 for a 655 total. In the series, which was rolled in Wheaton, Md., he had 15 strikes and nine spares.

IN THE PINK

Sir

Chalk up another for Steve Caithen: not only did he win the Kentucky Derby but he also withstood SI's supposed cover jinx. Your 1977 *Sportsman of the Year* cover (Dec. 19-26) showed him posing in the flamingo, black and white silks of Louis and Parnce Wolfson, owners of Affirmed. Who won the Derby? The Wolfsons, Affirmed and Caithen.

MILT WADE

San Clemente, Calif.

Sir

I am disappointed that the cover of your May 15 issue featured young Steve Caithen and a horse rather than Pete Rose, whose 3,000th hit, in my opinion, was the week's most significant accomplishment in sport. Whether one likes or dislikes Rose, it is hard to name anyone who has more consistently contributed to baseball in the last 15 years. Affirmed may be prettier, but Pete was the more deserving.

TIMOTHY B. TALBOT JR.

Dayton

ROSE'S 3,000TH

Sir

It is rewarding to be able to watch a man like Pete Rose perform (Past 3,000 and Still Counting, May 15). In this day of huge salaries and extensive commercial endorsements, it is unusual for an athlete to have as his highest priority the full development of his athletic potential. Rose is such a man. May he find the strength to pass Ty Cobb's career total of 4,191 hits.

ALLEN MEYER

Lake Zurich, Ill.

Sir

I found one aspect of Ron Fimrite's article on Pete Rose's 3,000th hit puzzling. My idol, Mickey Mantle, was classified among "numerous other superb hitters who enjoyed full and relatively injury-free careers who have not gotten 3,000 hits." As one who has followed Mantle's career, I always have been of the opinion that injuries took a severe toll on him, despite his achievements. Maybe his injuries were not of the magnitude of Lou Gehrig's. Ducky Medsall's or Mickey Cochrane's, but their effect upon his career is obvious. Mantle played his last game in 1968, before he turned 37, the age at which Rose, Stan Musial and Tim Lincecum each got his 3,000th hit. After he had won his last MVP award in 1962 (despite missing 39 games), Mantle enjoyed only one season in which, statistically, he approached his former standards. During those last six years, injuries significantly cut down his playing time (he missed a total of

242 games) and hampered him when he did play. As most Mantle fans—and many of his critics—will attest, part of the mystique of Mickey Mantle is contemplating what he would have achieved and how long he would have played had he not suffered the numerous injuries that he did.

LEE ELLIS

Cincinnati

Sir

To call Mickey Mantle "relatively injury-free" is akin to calling Joe Namath Jack-Be-Quick. Mantle's career was full because he had the courage to play with pain and diminished physical ability.

JOANNA SCHILLER ORTENS

Lyndhurst, N.J.

Sir

Ron Fimrite errs in including George Sizer among the "relatively injury-free" who have not gotten 3,000 hits. Sizer, who fell only 188 hits short of 3,000, had 246 hits in 1922 and 194 in 1924, so it stands to reason he would have gotten the necessary hits if he hadn't been sidelined the entire 1923 season with sinus and eye troubles.

In fact, the missing year divides Sizer's career into almost equal halves. From 1915 through 1922 he had 1,498 hits in 4,155 at-bats for a .361 average, including 420 in 1922. From 1924 through 1930 he had 1,314 hits in 4,112 at-bats for a .320 average, including 305 in 1924. The eye problem obviously had its effect, as Sizer's lifetime average dropped from .361 before 1923 to .340 overall. Given a full and trouble-free career, Sizer would still be one of Rose's targets.

BOB KELLER

Springfield, Va.

IRISH INTRAMURALS

Sir

I saw a Notre Dame fencing team win a national title. I saw John Wooden coach for the last time at Notre Dame when his UCLA team, which included David Meyers, Richard Washington and Marques Johnson, lost to the Irish. And I thrilled to Dan Devine's team as it crushed Texas at the Cotton Bowl. So one might think that I have seen the best of Notre Dame sporting events. However, the very best was captured by Rick Telander at his article *Look Out for the Manhole Cover* (May 15). It is events like the bookstore basketball tournament that make Notre Dame such a great place, and I wouldn't have readied my seat on the concrete for all the 50-yard-line tickets in the world.

MICHAEL T. BURMAN

Notre Dame Law School, 1977

Portland, Ore.

Sir

What makes Notre Dame God's gift to intramural sports?

LEONARD MARICOTTI

Captain

1978 Purdue Intramural

Basketball Champions

Chicago

Sir

As a former Michigan State and dedicated sports freak, I had to chuckle at my first thought after reading Rick Telander's article. If I didn't hate Notre Dame so much, it might have been a fun place to go to school.

TIM ALVENS

North Muskegon, Mich.

Sir

Hooray for Bookstore Basketball Commissioner Tim Bourree! Hooray for the Bus Tours! Hooray for SI! You have found America's true sportsmen—those who go all out for the sheer joy of it. Reading your article on Notre Dame's bookstore tournament made me glad to be young, alive and in college.

JOY PETTUS

Baxley Springs, Kans.

Sir

I enjoyed the article about Notre Dame's bookstore basketball tourney, but I was rankled by the editorial decision concerning what was an obscene name for an entrant and what wasn't. For the life of me I can't think of a name for an entry more obscene than P.L.O. Bus Tours! It is obviously more unsavory than any scatological reference the students could conjure up, and one would have to go a long way to find any group that deserves disdain more than the P.L.O.

SEBASTIAN L. ROSENZWEIG

Tunguska, Ala.

PRIDE OF MOUNT VERNON

Sir

In your March 31, 1975 issue you printed a letter of mine regarding the 1971 Mount Vernon (N.Y.) High School basketball team and the fact that four of its starters later starred for college teams that went to postseason tournaments in 1974. I think it would be appropriate to bring your readers up to date about the accomplishments of those Mount Vernon players.

The two guards in 1971 were Gus Williams, who starred for USC and is now with the Seattle SuperSonics, and Earl Tatum (Marquette-Indiana Pacers). A backcourt substitute that year was Ray Williams, Gus' brother, who is now playing for the New York Knicks. Of the forwards, Rudy Hackett was a star at Syracuse and played for the Nets and the Pacers during the 1976-77 season. The continued

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19TH HOLE continued

other forward, Mike Young, started for Manhattan College in 1973-74 and 1974-75 when the Jaspers went to the NIT.

It seems incredible that there could have been so much talent on one high school team, particularly a suburban one.

MALCOLM GIBSEN
Gays Mills, Wis.

SWINGING LEGENDS

Sir,

Congratulations to Sam Snead for his outstanding play in the Legends of Golf tournament (A Living Legend Lives Up to His Name, May 8). No congratulations to Dan Jenkins, however. Jenkins mentioned Ben Hogan as though he were the only legend of the game who did not compete in the tournament. Has he forgotten the equally talented and equally legendary Byron Nelson?

Although retired for 32 years, Nelson still holds these all-time PGA records: 19 tournaments won in 1945, 11 consecutive tournaments won in 1945, 113 consecutive tournaments in the money and a 68.33 strokes-per-round average for 1945.

Also, is Jenkins aware that Nelson, Hogan and Snead were all born in 1912 and that they had played in about the same number of major championships at the time of Nelson's retirement from the tour following the 1946 PGA? By then, Nelson had won five majors, the 1937 Masters, the 1939 U.S. Open, the 1940 PGA (beating Snead in the final match), the 1942 Masters (beating Hogan in a playoff), and the 1945 PGA. But Snead had won only one major tournament, the 1942 PGA, and Hogan had just won his first major tournament, the 1946 PGA.

By all means, let us pay tribute to Snead and take nothing away from Hogan's acknowledged greatness. However, let's not forget the man who was at least their equal, one who is still recognized by knowledgeable golf people as the pioneer of the modern golf swing—Byron Nelson.

BEN SAMUELSON
Fresno, Calif.

Sir,

What a thrill it was to watch Sam Snead. Those of us who did not see him in his prime can only wonder how much he would have won with today's purses.

STUART STEVEN
Overland Park, Kans.

Sir,

I'd like to thank Dan Jenkins for mentioning the fact that Art Wall should have been included in the tournament. After being the top money-winner in 1959, Art had many physical problems. However, he never talked about them and went on to win other tournaments, including one at Milwaukee when he was 51. For many of us here in Wall's hometown of Honesdale, Pa., he has exemplified all that is fine about the game of golf and, indeed, he has served as an inspiration to many of our youngsters. For us, he is a "living legend" and we hope that next year he will be included in the field.

SALLY WEISS
Honesdale, Pa.

Sir,

Mike Souchak may never have won a major golf tournament, but according to the 1978 edition of the Guinness Book of World Records he still holds the record for the "lowest recorded score [for 72 holes] on a first-class course." In the 1955 Texas Open at San Antonio, Souchak shot 60 (133 out, 27 in), 68, 64 and 65 for a total of 257 (27 under par) and an average of 64.25 per round.

SYLVIA SUHR
Largo, Fla.

RURAL TENNIS

Sir,

I don't particularly care for golf, but I always read Dan Jenkins' articles because they make me laugh.

I care still less about tennis (rural or otherwise), but I guess I'll be reading about that, too, as long as J. D. Reed is covering it (Courtney Disaster, May 8). The image of Reed's friend Jan Harrison in Peds is going to stay with me for a long time.

GINNY ARCHER
Richmond

Sir,

Congratulations to J. D. Reed for his hilarious story on the treacherous game of rural tennis. It brings back memories!

JOHNATHAN KLEINBUCK
Burien, Wash.

101 FOR HOGAN

Sir,

Professional racquetball player Marty Hogan is not a leut (Both the Best and Worst, April 10). Those of us who had the pleasure of his company at our racquetball facility found him a complete gentleman and an extremely poised young man of 20 who has reached the top of a very competitive profession. This is not only the opinion of two of our owners, Bill Lenkunas and Randy Valtus—successful pro athletes in their own right—but it was also the very positive impression that Marty left with 101 members of our club who signed a petition to this effect.

We have seen Marty play in top tournaments on TV, and we agree that he is vocal and demonstrative. However, many other top pro athletes are psyched and use psych in competitive situations. We feel that your story did not capture the true personality of Hogan outside of the court. Marty is a nice guy. He's as solid old the court as he is on it. Prize that!

THOMAS MELLOR
Manager
Playoff Racquetball-Handball Club
Braintree, Mass.

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